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QUEEN VICTORIA AS A STATESMAN.

"Why are Princes alone to be denied the credit of having political opinions based upon an anxiety for the national interests, their country's honor, and the welfare of mankind? Are they not more independently placed than any other politician in the State? Are their interests not more intimately bound up with those of their country? Is the Sovereign not the natural guardian of the honor of his country? Is he not necessarily a politician?" These reflections are contained in a private memorandum written by Prince Albert in 1852.

If Queen Victoria had any political opinions on her accession to the Throne in 1837, they were certainly Whig. The influences of her home tended to give her mind a bias in that direction. Her father, the Duke of Kent, was a Whig, like his brother, the Duke of Sussex, while the other sons of George III—the Prince of Wales, who as George IV abjured the Whig principles of his youth, the Duke of York, the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV), and the Duke of Cumberland—entertained high Protestant and Tory opinions. The Duke of Kent was associated with the Whig Opposition during the Regency of his brother, the Prince of Wales. At a political ban-

quet in London he made a public declaration of his political creed. "I am a friend of civil and religious liberty all the world over," said His Royal Highness; "I am an enemy to all religious tests. I am a supporter of a general system of education. All men are my brethren, and I hold that power is only delegated for the benefit of the people. Those are the principles of myself and of my beloved brother, the Duke of Sussex. They are not popular principles just now; that is, they do not conduct to place or office. All the members of the Royal Family do not hold the same principles. For this I do not blame them. But we claim for ourselves the right of thinking and acting as we deem best, and we proclaim ourselves, with our friend Mr. Tierney, 'members of His Majesty's loyal Opposition.'" He died a few months after the birth of the Princess Victoria, and therefore cannot be said to have personally influenced the mind of his daughter in political affairs; but the Duchess of Kent, who had the sole direction of the training of the future Queen, shared the Whig principles of her husband, and the society which she favored after his death was Whig.

The fact that a Whig Administration was in office when the Queen ascended

the Throne also naturally tended to color the political views of the young Sovereign. From Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister of that Administration, to whom she was indebted for tuition and training in her constitutional duties as Queen, she must have inevitably imbibed Whig principles, if she had not adopted them already. During the progress of the General Election, which, according to the law, followed within a few months of her accession, she evinced the greatest interest in the success of the Whig candidates, and was delighted that the result confirmed the Melbourne Administration in office. The Whigs, indeed, did not scruple to make use of the Queen's name as a party cry during the election. They boldly declared that she was on their side. "The Queen," said Sir Henry Parnell, a member of the Administration, "has definite and firm opinions on all the questions of the day." "What!" exclaimed young William Ewart Gladstone, in a speech at Manchester, "does Sir Henry Parnell conceive that amidst the shades of Kensington Gardens the Princess Victoria has been studying the question of Irish Municipal Corporations; that she has taken her morning walks with the division list in her hand; and has over her evening tea discussed the probability of Tory or Whig ascendancy?" But, despite these jaunty words, the Tories well knew, to their mortification, that the Sovereign regarded them with disfavor and suspicion.

Lord Melbourne exercised in the development of her fresh young mind all the influence of a parent. That always interesting gossip, Charles Greville, records in his "Journal" that the Queen and the Prime Minister passed, "if not in *tête-à-tête* yet in intimate communication," six hours every day. "If Melbourne should be compelled to resign," Greville adds, "her privation will be

the more bitter on account of the exclusiveness of her intimacy with him. Accordingly, her terror when any danger menaces the Government, her nervous apprehension at any appearance of change, affects her health, and upon one occasion during the last Session (1838) she actually fretted herself into an illness at the notion of their going out." The Whigs sustained a defeat in the House of Commons in May, 1839, and decided to resign. "The Queen had not been prepared for this catastrophe, and was completely upset by it," writes Greville. "Her agitation and grief were very great. In her interview with Lord John Russell she was all the time dissolved in tears, and she dined in her own room and never appeared on that evening."

Sir Robert Peel was sent for by the Queen and commanded to form an administration. The Tory leader pointed out to the Queen that according to custom the ladies of the Court, who had been appointed by Melbourne, and were indeed, near relatives of some of the outgoing Ministers, must resign. The Queen declared that she could not part with the ladies of her household. "I regard them," said she, "as personal friends and not as party politicians." Peel protested that if Her Majesty adhered to that opinion he should be obliged to abandon the undertaking to construct a Government. He mentioned particularly that Irish affairs would constitute one of his principal difficulties as Prime Minister, and that it could scarcely be felt that he had fair-play regarding these questions so long as the wife of the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (the Marchioness of Normanby), and the sister of the late Chief Secretary (the Duchess of Sutherland) retained their posts as ladies of the bedchamber, which would bring them into intimate daily intercourse with the Sovereign. But the Queen was obdurate; and Peel left Bucking-

ham Palace, where the interview took place, in a state of perplexity.

That night a meeting of the outgoing Ministers was held at Melbourne House. The Prime Minister laid before his colleagues a letter he had received from the Queen, describing her colloquy with Peel. "It was written," remarks Greville, truly enough, "in a bitter spirit and in a strain such as Elizabeth might have used." In it she said: "Do not fear that I was not calm and composed. They wanted to deprive me of my ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and my housemaids. They wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them that I am Queen of England." The Whig Ministers, animated by a natural chivalrousness to save the young and sensitive Sovereign from a painful situation, decided to remain in Office. The next morning the Queen, on Melbourne's advice, sent Peel the following note:—

The Queen, having considered the proposals made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel to remove the Ladies of her Bedchamber, cannot consent to a course which she considers to be contrary to usage and is repugnant to her feelings.

No doubt the Queen's more matured opinion of this interesting incident of her early years is expressed by Sir Theodore Martin, in his "Life of the Prince Consort," when he says: "It cannot be denied that the young Queen's warm personal regard for Lord Melbourne and for the adherents of his Administration, who had surrounded Her Majesty since her accession, had not unnaturally caused her to drift into political partisanship. . . . The continuance of the state of things to which this led must have been productive of consequences the most mischievous."

We obtain another glimpse of the

Queen's attitude towards the Tories at this time, from an entry in the diary of Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftsbury, who having dined at Buckingham Palace, records: "She said the other night, when reading some attack on her in some low paper, professing to be on our side, 'the Tories do all in their power to make themselves odious to me.' The fact is, that from her earliest years she has been taught to regard us as her personal enemies. I am told that the language at Kensington was such as to inspire her with fear and hatred." Many honest Whigs, indeed, were convinced that the Tories desired to set aside the right of the Princess Victoria to the Throne, and secure the accession of her uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, then King of Hanover, a stout old Tory. On the arrangement of her marriage with Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, in 1839, the Queen was further alienated from the Tories by their action with regard to the allowance to be made for the bridegroom. Lord John Russell moved in the House of Commons, on behalf of the Government, for a yearly grant of £50,000, but an amendment from the Tory opposition, to reduce the sum to £30,000, was carried, after an acrimonious debate, by 262 votes against 158. Peel, writing to a friend, said: "This division will inform the Queen that she must not place too much reliance on the forbearance of the Conservative Party."

In 1841 the Melbourne Government were defeated in the House of Commons. They appealed to the country, but were beaten at the polls, and resigned. The Queen writing to Lord John Russell, on August 28th, said:—

Long as the Queen was prepared for this event, she does not for that feel it the less painful. She is deeply grieved to have to part from those she has such confidence in. She trusts, however, that at no very distant

period she will again see Lord John Russell in the office which he has filled so much to the satisfaction of both his Sovereign and his country.

There was no difficulty this time over the ladies of the household. They resigned, with the willing consent of the Queen. Her Majesty also received her Tory Ministers most cordially. Peel, the Prime Minister, was able to write to a friend:—

My relations with the Queen are most satisfactory. The Queen has acted towards me not merely (as everyone who knew Her Majesty's character must have anticipated) with perfect fidelity and honor, but with great kindness and consideration. There is every facility for the despatch of public business, a scrupulous and most punctual discharge of every public duty, and an exact understanding of the relation of a Constitutional Sovereign to her advisers.

In September, 1841, Peel, after he had formed an Administration, received a significant note from the Queen. She wrote: "The Queen is certain that toleration and forbearance will have the best effect upon the people of Ireland." Her Majesty was clearly desirous that the ameliorative and pacific policy of the Melbourne Administration with respect to Ireland should be continued by the new Government. However, O'Connell, hopeless of obtaining any concession from the Tories, renewed the agitation for the Repeal of the Union, which he had allowed to slumber during the friendly Melbourne régime, and Peel endeavored to crush it by imprisoning its leader and his principal lieutenants. In 1844 Peel adopted a more conciliatory policy towards Ireland. He proposed to increase the annual grant in aid of Maynooth College, for the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood

of Ireland, from £9,000 to £26,000, and by making it a permanent charge on the Consolidated Fund, withdraw it altogether from the criticism and control of the House of Commons. Owing to the scruples of Gladstone, who was a member of the Administration, Peel was unable, for some time, to lay his proposal before Parliament. At that stage he received the following encouraging communication from Prince Albert, dated February 16, 1844: "I return the private memorandum respecting Maynooth, and repeat to you my regret that you were not enabled to carry out your wise intentions. The Queen joins with me in hoping that you may, in no distant time, overcome the difficulties which now stand in your way."

The Queen had in contemplation a visit to Ireland, which she reluctantly postponed owing to the disaffected and disturbed condition of the country. Early in the Session of 1844 the Whig Opposition moved for a Committee of Inquiry into the causes of Irish discontent. On February 23d—the ninth night of a bitter and angry debate on the motion—Peel delivered a most able speech in defence of the Government, animated by a conciliatory spirit towards Ireland, in the course of which he expressed the desire to improve by legislation the social condition of the unhappy country. Referring to the Queen's wish to visit Ireland, he thus concluded:—

I should rejoice—in whatever capacity I may fill I should consider it the happiest day of my life—when I see the beloved Sovereign of these realms fulfilling the fondest wishes of her heart—of that heart so full of affection to all her people, but mingling that affection with peculiar sympathy and tenderness to Ireland. I should hail the dawning of that auspicious day when she could alight like some benign spirit on its shores and there

lay the foundations of a Temple of Peace; when she could in accents which, proceeding from the heart, speak to the heart, rather than to the ear: when she could call on her Irish subjects of all classes and of all denominations, Protestant and Catholic, Saxon and Celt, to forget the differences of creed and race, and to hallow that holy Temple of Peace, of which she laid the foundation—to hallow it with sacrifices still hollier than the sacrifices by which the temples of old were hallowed—to hallow it by the sacrifice of those evil passions which dishonor our common faith and prevent the union of heart and hand in defence of our common country.

A few days later Peel received the following private letter of congratulation from Her Majesty:—

Windsor Castle, February 25th, 1844.

The Queen cannot but write a line to Sir Robert Peel to express to him our extreme admiration of his speech, which we read entirely through last night.

It is a most triumphant defence, and at the same time calculated to produce the best effect in Ireland.

Peel, having obtained for the Maynooth Bill the unanimous support of his colleagues by the resignation of Gladstone, introduced the measure in the session of 1845. It met with formidable opposition. It was objected to by some members because it proposed to subsidize a Church which disseminated religious error, and by others on the ground that they were opposed to all grants to Churches, whether corrupt or pure. Immediately after the introduction of the Bill the Queen wrote to Peel:—

April 9th, 1845.

We are very anxious to hear the effect which has been produced by the Maynooth Bill in Ireland. The Queen anxiously hopes Sir Robert does not feel uneasy about the result of the de-

bate. The measure is so just and good a one that people must open their eyes and will not oppose it.

The Bill, however, was strenuously resisted through all its stages in the House of Commons. The Queen evidently read the debates with interest, and was pained by the religiously fanatical spirit which pervaded many of the speeches in opposition to the measure. Writing to Peel, on April 15th, she said: "It is not honorable to Protestants to see the bad and violent and bigoted passions displayed at this moment." However, the Third Reading was carried by 317 votes to 184. Her Majesty told Peel, on April 25th, she was much pleased with the result, and added: "We were most enthusiastically received last night in the theatre and outside; and not one 'No Popery' observation was to be heard."

On June 2d the Duke of Wellington moved the Second Reading of the Bill in the House of Lords. He had spoken only a few sentences of his speech when, by a curious interruption, the Duke of Newcastle raised an interesting point as to the power or authority exercised by the Crown in the initiation of legislation. Here is the extract from Hansard:—

The Duke of Newcastle—My Lords, I rise to order. I beg to apologize to the noble Duke and to the House for interrupting him, but as a preliminary to this discussion I think it right to put this discussion to the noble Duke, whether he has the Queen's permission to make this proposition to the House. (Cries of Hear, hear, and Order.)

Lord Brougham—That is not in order. The noble Duke is not speaking to order; but on the contrary, this is one of the most disorderly proceedings I ever witnessed in the whole course of my experience. The question of the noble Duke is one that should have been put, not as an interruption to, but after the noble Duke's speech.

The Duke of Newcastle—I wish to put the question, as it affects the Act of Succession, as it affects the Nation, and as it affects individuals. (Cries of Order, order.)

Lord Brougham—My Lords, I rise to order. I will not sit here and allow any man to deny that we have a right to enter into, to continue, and to close any discussion of any nature. The leave of the Crown is required in one case only, but may be given at any period of the discussion, and that is on a measure affecting the revenues or the patrimonial interests of the Crown.

The Duke of Wellington did not reply to the constitutional question thus irrelevantly raised by the Duke of Newcastle. On the conclusion of Lord Brougham's emphatic declaration of the law on the point, he simply said: "My Lords, I will now resume my speech, if your Lordships will permit me." The Bill also passed through the Lords; and we may be sure the Queen was delighted to give it the Royal Assent.

The failure of the potato crop in Ireland, in 1845, forced Peel to the conclusion that the Corn Laws, which he was pledged to maintain, could no longer be upheld. In this momentous change of attitude he had also the sympathy and support of the Queen. On informing her of the opposition which his proposal to repeal the duty on corn had aroused among his colleagues, she wrote him:—

Osborne, November 28th, 1845.

The Queen is very sorry to hear that Sir Robert apprehends further differences of opinion in the Cabinet. At a moment of impending calamity it is more than ever necessary that the Government should be united.

The Queen thinks the time is come when a removal of the restrictions upon the importation of food cannot be successfully resisted.

Should this be Sir Robert's own

opinion, the Queen very much hopes that none of his colleagues will prevent him from doing what it is right to do.

Peel, however, finding it hopeless to conciliate his divided Cabinet, resigned in December, and Lord John Russell attempted to form an Administration but failed. The Duke of Wellington then carried the wavering leaders of the Tory Party to the side of Peel by his blunt declaration that, while he was in favor of the Corn Laws, those laws, or any other laws, were a subordinate consideration to the necessity of providing the Queen with an efficient Government. The Duke also placed no limit to the authority of the Queen. A short time before Lord Albemarle, as Master of the Horse, claimed an official right to travel in the State Coach with the Queen to prorogue Parliament. Her Majesty objected, and referred the question to Wellington. His reply to Albemarle was: "The Queen can make you go inside the coach, or outside the coach, or run behind it like a tinkler's dog."

On January 27th, 1846, Peel brought in a Bill for the Repeal of the Corn Laws. He was fiercely assailed by Disraeli as a traitor to his party, and no doubt it was these terrible personal onslaughts that the Queen had especially in mind when she wrote on February 4th, to Peel: "She is sure that Sir Robert will be rewarded in the end by the gratitude of the country. This will make up for the abuse he has to endure from so many of his party." On February 11th she sent him another sympathetic communication. "Sir Robert Peel has the confidence of the country," she said, "and she need not add that he has hers, as he knows that well enough."

These letters of encouragement were of course, strictly private. The Queen never, in the course of her long reign, gave the slightest hint to the public of

her personal disposition in a political crisis. Prince Albert, who shared the Queen's views as to the action of Peel, without showing in public the least bias, went to the House of Commons, on the 27th of January, to hear the Premier's speech. On the twelfth night of the debate, Lord George Bentinck, the leader of the Protectionists, thus referred to the Prince:—

I cannot but think he listened to ill advice, when, on the first night of this great discussion, he allowed himself to be seduced by the First Minister of the Crown to come down to the House to usher in and to give *éclat*, and, as it were, reflection from the Queen, to give the semblance of a personal sanction of Her Majesty to a measure which, be it for good or for evil, a great majority at least of the landed aristocracy of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, imagine fraught with deep injury, if not ruin, to them.

That was the last visit of Prince Albert to the House of Commons. Finding that his appearance in the Peers' Gallery of the Chamber was liable to misinterpretation, he decided to go there no more.

Peel successfully carried his measure through both Houses, and on the very day it received the Royal Assent, June 26th, he was defeated in the House of Commons on a Coercion Bill for Ireland, by a coalition of Protectionists, Whigs and Irish Repealers. The Queen was much grieved by Peel's resignation. How completely her first feelings of dislike for Peel had given way to affectionate regard, is shown by a letter she wrote to her uncle, the King of the Belgians:—

Yesterday was a very hard day for me. I had to part with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who are irreparable losses to us and to the country. They were both so overcome that it

quite upset me; and we have in them two devoted friends. We felt so safe with them. Never during the five years that they were with me did they ever recommend a person or thing that was not for my or the country's best, and never for the party's advantage only.

In foreign affairs the Queen exercised unquestioned, a more direct personal influence than in home policy. "Personal and domestic relations with the ruling families abroad," Gladstone has written, "give openings, in delicate cases, for saying more, and saying it at once more gently and more efficiently than could be ventured in the more formal correspondence and ruder contacts of Government." However, all letters received by the Queen from foreign potentates on matters of State, and all answers to them were submitted by Her Majesty to the Foreign Secretary or to the Prime Minister. In 1847 the King of Prussia wrote a private letter to the Queen on European affairs, which he requested his ambassador to deliver at a private audience. The communication was so presented; but by the interposition of Prince Albert this irregularity was corrected. The letter was read by Her Majesty in the presence of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston, and the reply to it was approved by him. The Queen, on the other hand, insisted on being fully advised on the policy of her Ministers in foreign affairs, and on the terms of instructions to British plenipotentiaries abroad, and official notes addressed to foreign diplomatists being first submitted in draft for her approval.

Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary in the Whig Administration with Lord John Russell as Premier, which came into office on the defeat of Peel in 1845. His jauntiness and levity, his "ha-ha manner," as Monckton Milnes

so well described it, grated on the nerves of the serious and formal Prince Albert. Besides, Palmerston had an airy and off-hand manner of dealing with foreign affairs without consulting the Queen, or, when he did consult her, of ignoring her recommendations, which was not at all in accord with the views of Her Majesty as to the constitutional relations between the Sovereign and the Foreign Secretary. On the 2d of April, 1850, Prince Albert, on the Queen's behalf, wrote a letter to Lord John Russell, from which the following is an extract:—

As a Minister, the Sovereign has a right to demand from Lord Palmerston that she be made thoroughly acquainted with the whole object and tendency of the policy to which her consent is required; and, having given that consent, that the policy be not arbitrarily altered from the original line, that important steps be not concealed from her, nor her name used without her sanction. In all these respects Lord Palmerston has failed towards her; and not from oversight or negligence, but upon principle, and with astonishing pertinacity, against every effort of the Queen. Besides which, Lord Palmerston does not scruple to let it appear in public as if the Sovereign's negligence in attending to the papers sent to her caused delays and complications.

Palmerston promised to mend his ways. His despatches would, in future, he said, pass through the hands of the Prime Minister and the Queen. But, on the very next occasion, in a matter affecting France, his impatience with the interposition of the Queen in foreign affairs again asserted itself, and the first intimation the Queen and the Prime Minister received of his action in the affair was a note of complaint from the French Government. "My dear Lord John," wrote Prince Albert to Russell on May 15th, 1850, "both the Queen and myself are ex-

ceedingly sorry at the news your letter conveyed to us. We are not surprised, however, that Lord Palmerston's mode of doing business should not be borne by a susceptible French Government with the same good humor and forbearance as by his colleagues." There is an obvious hint to the Premier in the last sentence to get rid of his masterful and obstreperous Foreign Secretary. But however Palmerston's "spirited foreign policy" might be disapproved by the Court and regarded with concern by his colleagues, it was popular in the country, and Russell, bewildered by the contentions between the Sovereign and the Foreign Secretary, and vacillating as to the course he should pursue, was reluctant to weaken his administration by dismissing so powerful a Minister. But the Queen, who now absolutely distrusted Palmerston, showed more decision of character. She drew up an important memorandum, stating in clear and severe language the rules by which a Foreign Secretary must be bound in his relations with the Sovereign. It is as follows:—

Osborne, 12th August, 1850.

With reference to the conversation about Lord Palmerston, which the Queen had with Lord John Russell the other day, and Lord Palmerston's disavowal that he ever intended any disrespect to her by the various neglects of which she has had so long and so often to complain, she thinks it right, in order to prevent any mistake for the future, to explain what it is she expects from the Foreign Secretary.

She requires:

1. That he will distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she has given her Royal sanction.

2. Having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. Such an act she must consider as a

failure in sincerity towards the Crown, and justly to be visited by the exercise of her Constitutional right of dismissing that Minister. She expects to be kept informed of what passes between him and the Foreign Ministers, before important decisions are taken, based upon that intercourse; to receive the foreign despatches in good time, and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they must be sent off. The Queen thinks it best that Lord John Russell should show this letter to Lord Palmerston.

Palmerston again promised "that he would punctually obey the directions contained in the memorandum," as Russell informed the Queen on August the 13th. On that day also the Foreign Secretary wrote to Prince Albert requesting an interview, which was granted at Windsor the following day. According to a long memorandum written by the Prince, describing the interview, Palmerston was most repentant and sorrowful in his demeanor. His habitual good humor had deserted him.

Not a trace of his exuberant "ha-ha manner" remained. "He was very much agitated," says the Prince, "shook, and had tears in his eyes, so as quite to move me, who never, under any circumstances, had known him otherwise than with a bland smile on his face." Differences of opinion as to his policy were natural and to be expected. "But the accusation that he had been wanting in respect to the Queen, whom he had every reason to respect as his Sovereign, and as a woman whose virtues he admired, and to whom he was bound by every tie of duty and gratitude, was an imputation on his honor as a gentleman, and if he could have made himself guilty of it, he was almost no longer fit to be tolerated in society." So argued Palmerston,

subdued and broken in spirits. The Prince then proceeds:—

I purposely did not interrupt him, but when he had concluded I reminded him of the innumerable complaints and remonstrances which the Queen had had to make these last years.

The Queen had often—I was sorry to say, latterly almost invariably—differed from the line of policy pursued by Lord Palmerston. She had always openly stated her objections; but when overruled by the Cabinet, or convinced that it would from political reasons be more prudent to waive her objection, she knew her Constitutional position too well not to give her full support to whatever was done on the part of the Government.

But what she had a right to require in return was, that before a line of policy was adopted or brought before her for her sanction, she should be in full possession of all the facts and all the motives operating. She felt that in this respect she was not dealt with as she ought to be. She never found a matter "intact," nor a question in which we were not already compromised, when it was submitted to her. She had no means of knowing what passed in the Cabinet nor what passed between Lord Palmerston and the Foreign Ministers in their conferences, but what Lord Palmerston chose to tell her, or what she found in the newspapers.

Prince Albert adds that when he told Lord John Russell of the low and agitated condition of Palmerston during the interview, the Prime Minister grimly answered, "Oh, what has passed will do a great deal of good."

For a time all went well, but only for a time. On the 2d of December, 1851, Louis Napoleon overthrew the French Republic, of which he was President, with the aid of the army, and proclaimed himself Dictator. The Queen regarded the *coup d'état*—the news of which reached her at Osborne on the 4th of December—as an out-

rage on constitutional government. She at once wrote the following letter to Lord John Russell, enjoining strict neutrality on the part of England:—

Osborne, December 4th, 1851.

The Queen has learnt with concern and astonishment of the extraordinary proceedings at Paris. She thinks it absolutely necessary that we should remain absolutely passive, and take no *part* either for or against what is going on. The Queen hopes, therefore, that Lord Normanby will be very cautious and keep entirely aloof, for a word from him at such a moment would be misconstrued.

"Your Majesty's directions," wrote the Prime Minister in reply, "respecting affairs in Paris shall be followed." A despatch to that effect was accordingly sent to the Marquis of Normanby, the British Ambassador at Paris; but when he called on the French Foreign Minister to state his instructions, he was informed that Lord Palmerston had personally expressed his approval of the *coup d'état* to the French Ambassador in London. The news, which was at once sent home by Lord Normanby, annoyed the Prime Minister and greatly angered the Queen. Her Majesty forwarded the following note to Lord John Russell:—

Osborne, December 13th, 1851.

The Queen sends the enclosed despatch from Lord Normanby to Lord John Russell, from which it appears that the French Government *pretend* to have received the entire approval of the late *coup d'état* by the British Government, as conveyed by Lord Palmerston to Count Walewski. The Queen cannot believe in the truth of this assertion, as such an approval given by Lord Palmerston would have been in *complete contradiction* to the line of strict neutrality and passiveness which the Queen had expressed her desire to see followed with regard to the late convulsions at Paris, and

which was approved by the Cabinet, as stated in Lord John Russell's letter of the 6th inst. Does Lord John know anything about the alleged approval, which, if true, would again expose the honesty and dignity of the Queen's Government in the eyes of the world?

The Prime Minister sent the Queen's note to Lord Palmerston with a request for an explanation, but the masterful Foreign Secretary took no notice of it. On December the 16th, the day after he received the communication, he, with characteristic audacity, wrote a despatch to Lord Normanby, expressing in the strongest terms his satisfaction at the success of the *coup d'état*. This despatch was submitted neither to the Prime Minister nor to the Queen. The long-suffering Premier was at last stung to action. "I am most reluctantly compelled to the conclusion," he wrote to the Foreign Secretary, "that the conduct of foreign affairs can no longer be left in your hands with advantage." Palmerston was, accordingly, dismissed. How the Queen regarded this unexpected display of decision of character on the part of Lord John Russell, and the good effect she expected to follow from it, is made clear in the following interesting letter from Prince Albert to the Premier:—

Windsor Castle, December 20, 1851.

My dear Lord John:—You will readily imagine that the news of the sudden termination of your difference with Lord Palmerston has taken us much by surprise, as we were wont to see such differences terminate in his carrying his points, and leaving the defence of them to his colleagues and the discredit to the Queen.

It is quite clear to the Queen that we were entering upon most dangerous times, in which Military Despotism and Red Republicanism will for some time be the only Powers on the Continent, to both of which the Constitutional Monarchy of England will be equally hateful. That the calm influ-

ence of our institutions, however, should succeed in assuaging the contest abroad must be the anxious wish of every Englishman, and of every friend of liberty and progressive civilization. This influence has been rendered null by Lord Palmerston's personal manner of conducting the foreign affairs, and by the universal hatred which he has excited on the Continent. That you could hope to control him has long been doubted by us, and its impossibility is clearly proved by the last proceedings. I can, therefore, only congratulate you that the opportunity of the rupture should have been one on which all the right is on your side.

The Crimean War, which had drawn France and England together on the battlefield as allies, led to a close friendship between the Sovereigns of the two countries. In a letter which Queen Victoria subsequently wrote to Napoleon she thus describes in a few sentences the advantages of constitutional as compared with absolute monarchy:—

Your policy runs the risk of remaining unsupported by the Nation, and you may be exposed to the dangerous alternative of either having to impose it upon them against their will, or of having suddenly to alter your course abroad, or even, perhaps, to encounter grave resistance. I, on the other hand, can allow my policy free scope to work out its own consequences, certain of the steady and consistent support of my people, who, having had a share in determining my policy, feel themselves to be identified with it.

Meantime, a furious storm of religious passion had swept over the country. In September, 1850, Pope Pius IX issued an "apostolic letter" re-establishing the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, by appointing the Vicars-Apostolic, who had hitherto governed that Church, bishops to sees, not identical with the sees held by the hier-

rarchy of the Church of England, but freshly created; and on October 7th, Dr. Wiseman, the Vicar-Apostolic of the London district, who had been elevated to the "Archbishopric of Westminster," with the dignity of Cardinal, issued from the Eternal City his first pastoral, which he grandiloquently described as "Given out of the Flaminian Gate of Rome." The popular excitement against "No Popery" was further inflamed by a letter written by Lord John Russell to the Bishop of Durham, laying the blame for the advance of "Romanism" on the Puseyites or Tractarians in the Church of England. Protestant indignation meetings were held all over the country, and Parliament was overwhelmed with petitions calling for legislation to protect the Protestant ascendancy. On December 10th numerous addresses from the Corporation of London, the Universities and other important public bodies, were presented to the Queen, urging the most strenuous opposition on her part to the Papal pretensions. "You may be assured," she said in reply, "of my earnest desire and firm determination, under God's blessing, to maintain unimpaired the religious liberty which is justly prized by the people of this country, and to uphold as its surest safeguard the pure and scriptural worship of the Protestant faith, which has long been happily established in this land." But the Queen, at the same time, deplored the agitation. With keener insight than her advisers, she saw that the dangers which, in the popular mind, seemed to threaten the Church of England, were hysterical exaggerations; and she saw also that the real evil to be apprehended was the spreading of the spirit of religious bigotry which the agitation had inevitably aroused. Her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester, congratulated her on her replies to the addresses at Windsor. This Her Majesty answered in a

private letter, from which the following is an extract:—

I would never have consented to say **anything** which breathed a spirit of intolerance. Sincerely Protestant as I always have been and always shall be, and indignant as I am at those who call themselves Protestants while they are in fact quite the contrary, I much regret the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings. I cannot bear to hear the violent abuse of the Catholic religion which is so painful and so cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics. However, we must hope and trust this excitement will soon cease, and that the wholesome effect of it upon our own Church will be lasting.

We next see exhibited the Queen's sagacity and discernment in a complicated political crisis. Palmerston, writing to his brother on February 24th, 1852, two months after his dismissal from office, said: "I have had my tit-for-tat with Johnny Russell, and I turned him out on Friday last." Close on the heels of the panic about Papal aggression came the more terrible alarm that Napoleon III meditated an invasion of England; and as Russell met the first terror with a Bill making the assumption by Roman Catholic bishops of their proposed English territorial titles illegal, he faced the second with a measure for the reorganization of the local Militia. Palmerston, dissatisfied with the Militia Bill, carried an amendment to it by a majority of eleven. and Russell, regarding his defeat as a declaration of want of confidence, resigned. Then came for a few months a Tory Administration under the Earl of Derby, which was overthrown on the Budget introduced by Disraeli, its Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both the Whigs and Tories were, at this time, divided among themselves by personal rivalries and political differences.

The Queen, in the circumstances, determined to constitute a Coalition Government, composed of leading statesmen, without distinction of party, as the only means of obtaining a stable Ministry, or a Ministry that would endure through more than one Session. To Lord Aberdeen, the leader of the Peelite section of the Tories, she entrusted the task of forming such an Administration, and at the same time she sent to Lord John Russell a letter, announcing her intention, which thus ended:—

The Queen thinks the moment to have arrived when a popular, efficient, and durable Government could be formed by the sincere and united efforts of all professing Conservative and Liberal opinions. The Queen, knowing that this can only be effected by the patriotic sacrifice of personal interests and feelings, trusts that Lord John Russell will, as far as he is able, give his valuable and powerful assistance to the realization of this object.

Macaulay states, in his Diary, that on December 20th, 1852, he went to Lansdowne House, on a hasty summons, to find Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell in consultation over the Queen's communication. "They asked me what I thought," writes Macaulay; "I said that I could improve the Queen's letter neither in substance nor in language, and that she had expressed my sentiments to a tittle." Lord Aberdeen successfully discharged the duty imposed upon him. The Cabinet, which included Lord John Russell, as Foreign Secretary, and Lord Palmerston as Home Secretary, was regarded by the Queen "as the realization of the country's and our own most ardent wishes."

But much trouble was in store for the Aberdeen Administration, arising out of the war which had been declared between Russia and Turkey, and the Crimean War, which, as a con-

sequence, followed. The Queen had also to endure at this period, probably the severest trial, apart from domestic bereavement, of her reign. An outcry was raised against Prince Albert in the press, as ignorant and unreasoning as it was bitter. It was said that he was an influence behind the Throne hostile to this country. Palmerston, who while Liberal abroad was Conservative at home, had left the Government because he disagreed with a Reform Bill introduced by Lord John Russell. "The great Liberal braggart, who wanted to press free constitutions on every country, finds the Reform Measure, which Aberdeen approves, too liberal," wrote Prince Albert to his friend, Baron Stockmar, at Coburg. "What mischief that man has done us!" But it was freely stated in the newspapers that Palmerston had really resigned because he detected Prince Albert in betraying State secrets to foreign courts. "The stupidest trash is babbled to the public," wrote the Prince to Baron Stockmar, "so stupid that (as they say in Coburg) you would not give it to the pigs for litter." Two London morning papers actually announced that the Prince had been arrested for high treason, and was about to be sent to the Tower. An immense crowd assembled that day at the Tower to see the Prince brought in a captive. They were of course disappointed, but there was an explanation forthcoming. The Government, it was said, had relinquished their intention to send the Prince to the Tower because the Queen had announced her determination to share his prison cell. These absurd attacks naturally gave the deepest pain to the Queen. Writing to Lord Aberdeen in January, 1854, she said:—

In attacking the Prince, who is one and the same with the Queen herself, the Throne is assailed; and she must

say she little expected that any portion of her subjects would thus require the unceasing labors of the Prince.

On January 31st Parliament was opened by the Queen in person; and in the debate on the Address, which followed, in both Houses, the calumnies against the Prince were completely refuted by the Ministerial leaders—Lord Aberdeen in the Lords, and Lord John Russell in the Commons. Aberdeen, in the course of his speech, said:—

It is true that His Royal Highness often, very often—generally—is present in the conversations which take place when Her Majesty's Ministers find it necessary to make representations to Her Majesty which it is their duty to do. I can only say that I extremely regret his absence when it takes place. But I appeal to noble Lords in this House, of whom there are several, who have had the means of knowing, of learning, of profiting by the wisdom and prudence and justice of His Royal Highness—I ask them to say, whether, in all that they have ever seen or heard, a single syllable has ever been breathed that has not tended to the honor and the interests and the welfare of this country.

Lord Derby, the leader of the Opposition, concurred in Lord Aberdeen's testimony to the patriotism of Prince Albert. "The advice and counsel given by His Royal Highness," said he, have been always, to the best of my belief, from an enlightened consideration of what was for the advantage of the Sovereign and the public good." Lord Campbell, as a constitutional lawyer, established the right of Prince Albert, as the Consort of a female Sovereign, to advise the Crown. If the advice were unconstitutional the Ministers had the antidote to their hands by resigning. Both the Queen and the Prince were extremely pleased with the result. "I write to you," said the Queen to

Stockmar, "in the fulness of joy at the triumphant refutation of the calumnies in the two Houses of Parliament last night. The position of my beloved lord and master has been defined for *once and all*, and his merits have been acknowledged on all sides most duly." The Prince wrote to the same friend: "The impression has been excellent, and my political status and activity which up to this time have been silently assumed, have now been asserted in Parliament, and vindicated without a dissentient voice."

After the declaration of war with Russia in 1854, Lord Aberdeen, replying to a question put by Lord Roden in the House of Lords, announced that it was intended to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer for the success of the British arms. The Queen immediately wrote to the Prime Minister reminding him that she had not been consulted in the matter, and strongly objecting to the "day of humiliation." She wrote:—

She thinks we have recourse to them far too often, and they thereby lose all effect. Were the services selected for those days of a different kind from what they are the Queen would feel less strongly about it; but they always select chapters from the Old Testament and Psalms which are so totally inapplicable that the effect such occasions ought to have is entirely done away with.

Besides, as we were not to blame, she could not see why we should humiliate ourselves. Was it not all Russia's fault?

To say (as we probably should) that the great sinfulness of the Nation has brought about this war, when it is the selfishness, and ambition, and want of honesty of one man and his servants which has done it, while our conduct throughout has been actuated by unselfishness and honesty, would be too manifestly repulsive to the feelings

of every one, and would be a mere bit of hypocrisy. Let there be a prayer expressive of our great thankfulness for the immense benefits we have enjoyed, and for the immense prosperity of the country, and entreating God's help and protection in the coming struggle. In this the Queen would join heart and soul. If there is to be a day set apart, let it be for prayer in this sense.

The "day of humiliation" was, however, appointed, but though the title was not changed the advice of the Queen as to the character of the service was adopted.

As the Queen had her own private opinions with respect to the policy and legislation of her Ministers, so, too, she had, naturally, greater esteem for some of her advisers than for others. But, both as regards her rival Ministers and their rival policies, she seems to have always pursued an absolutely straight course. There is not the slightest evidence of any intrigue to obtain her own ends in the records of her long reign. She never tried to influence the judgment of the country on any political scheme or proposal, by publicly hinting or suggesting her own individual views with regard to it; and she never endeavored to secure a favorite Minister in office by any concealed devices. Her aim had always been to follow the law, custom and etiquette of the Constitution, as regards both Ministers and legislation, with absolute rectitude and single-mindedness. She treated every one of her Ministers with the utmost cordiality and scrupulous courtesy. Even Lord Palmerston, in the years he was Prime Minister, had never any reason to complain of any manifestation of suspicion or distrust in her relations with him. But she, privately, made no secret of the deep regret, or sorrow, she felt on the departure of some of her Ministers. Lord Aberdeen was one of her favorites. On his resig-

nation in 1855 he went to the Queen to say farewell and kiss her hand. "To his surprise," as he himself related, "when he took hold of it to lift it to his lips, he found his own hand squeezed with a strong and significant pressure." Her Majesty also sent him a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

She wishes to say what a pang it is for her to separate from so kind, and dear, and valued a friend as Lord Aberdeen has ever been to her since she has known him. The day he became her Prime Minister was a very happy one for her; and throughout his Ministry he has ever been the kindest and wisest adviser, one to whom she could apply for advice on all, and trifling occasions even. This she is sure he will still ever be, but the losing him as the first adviser in her Government is very painful.

After the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, the horrible stories of the savage atrocities of the mutineers led to a popular outcry for vengeance. Lord Canning the Governor-General of India, writing privately to the Queen on September 25th, 1857, said: "There is a rabid and indiscriminate vindictiveness abroad, even amongst many who ought to set a better example, which it is impossible to contemplate without a feeling of shame for one's countrymen." To this Her Majesty sent the following reply:—

Lord Canning will easily believe how entirely the Queen shares his feelings of sorrow and indignation at the unchristian spirit shown, alas! to a great extent here by the public towards Indians in general, and towards Sepoys *without discrimination*. It is, however, not likely to last, and comes from the horror produced by the unspeakable atrocities perpetrated upon the innocent women and children, which makes one's blood run cold and one's heart bleed! For the perpetrators of these

awful horrors no punishment can be severe enough, and, sad as it is, stern justice must be dealt out to all the guilty. But to the nation at large—to the peaceable inhabitants—to the many kind and friendly natives who have assisted us, sheltered the fugitives, and been faithful and true—there should be shown the greatest kindness. They should know that there is no hatred to a brown skin—none; but the greatest wish on their Queen's part to see them happy, contented and flourishing.

When the Act had been passed transferring the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown, a Royal proclamation was prepared announcing the change in the situation and the new policy to the natives. The draft of the document reached the Queen while she was on her first visit to the home of her newly married daughter, the Princess Royal, in Prussia. The vigorous reality of Her Majesty's influence in State affairs and its beneficent results is shown by her action on this important occasion. She declared to Lord Malmesbury, the Minister in Attendance, that she objected both to the spirit and the language of the proclamation, and the following letter was sent by her to the Prime Minister, Lord Derby:—

Babelsberg, August 15th, 1858.

The Queen has asked Lord Malmesbury to explain in detail her objections to the draft of the proclamation for India. The Queen would be glad if Lord Derby would write it himself in his excellent language, bearing in mind that it is a female Sovereign who speaks to more than a hundred millions of Eastern people on assuming the direct government of them, and after a bloody war, giving them pledges which her future reign is to redeem, and explaining the principles of her government. Such a document should breathe feelings of generosity, benevolence and religious toleration, and point out the privileges which the

Indians will receive on being placed on an equality with the subjects of the British Crown, and the prosperity following in the train of civilization.

Lord Malmesbury's memorandum, which accompanied the Queen's letter, explains in more detail the nature of Her Majesty's objections. She especially condemned the expression that she had the "power of undermining" the native religions and customs of India. "Her Majesty would prefer," Lord Malmesbury goes on to say, "that the subject should be introduced in a declaration in the sense that the deep attachment which Her Majesty feels to her own religion and the comfort and happiness which she derives from its consolation, will preclude her from any attempt to interfere with the native religions, and that her servants will be directed to act scrupulously in accordance with her directions."

The proclamation was rewritten, "entirely in the spirit of Your Majesty's observations," as Lord Derby informed the Queen. To the new document she added in her own handwriting, as its last sentence, the words—"May the God of all power grant to us, and those in authority under us, the strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people!" The amended Proclamation gave the greatest satisfaction to the Governor-General of India. "To the good effect of the words in which religion is spoken of in the proclamation," he wrote, "Lord Canning looks forward with very sanguine hope. It is impossible that the justice, charity and kindness, as well as the true wisdom which mark these words, should not be appreciated."

The Queen always used her powerful influence on behalf of peace and goodwill between nations. On one notable occasion the tact and discretion of her Majesty and the Prince Consort averted the terrible calamity of a war between Great Britain and the United

States. In November, 1861, during the American Civil War, the British mail steamer *Trent* was boarded by the *San Jacinto*, a vessel of the Federal Navy, and Slidell and Mason, delegates from the revolted Southern States, who were on their way to England were seized. The news of the outrage aroused the greatest indignation in England, and the Palmerston Administration, then in office, at once decided to send an ultimatum to the United States Government demanding the prompt release of the envoys. The despatch was, in the usual course, submitted for approval to the Queen. Her Majesty, shocked at the idea of the possibility of a war with America, took the bristling despatch to the apartment of the Prince Consort, who was lying sick unto death, and asked him to soften down its dictatorial and menacing expressions. It was the last time the Prince used his busy pen in the service of the State. As he gave the memorandum he prepared for the Cabinet to the Queen between 7 and 8 o'clock on the morning of December 1st, he said—"I am so weak I could hardly hold the pen." A facsimile of the document was subsequently published. It shows that in turn it was corrected by the Queen. The Prince, for instance, had written of the subject of the despatch as "a quarrel," which expression the Queen struck out and substituted "a question of dispute." The despatch, thus modified in tone and language, was sent to the British Ambassador at Washington for presentation. "Everything will depend on the tone of it," said Seward, the Secretary of State, as he received the document from Lord Lyons. Happily it was in such a form that a pacific settlement of the dispute was soon arranged.

When the final solution of the affair was communicated to the Queen on January 6th, 1862, about three weeks after the death of the Prince Consort,

her Majesty wrote to the Prime Minister:—

Lord Palmerston cannot but look on this peaceful issue of the American quarrel as greatly owing to her beloved Prince, who wrote the observations on the draft to Lord Lyons, in which Lord Palmerston so entirely concurred. It was the last thing he ever wrote.

The Prime Minister replied:—

There can be no doubt that the alteration made in the despatch to Lord Lyons contributed essentially to the satisfactory settlement of the dispute. Those alterations were only one of innumerable instances of the tact and judgment, and the power of nice discrimination, which excited Lord Palmerston's constant and unbounded admiration.

The death of the Prince Consort changed the current of the Queen's life, to the extent that she retired from society, and shunned as far as possible the pomp and pageantry associated with her exalted position on her rare appearances in public. But though deprived of the advice and aid of Prince Albert in the discharge of her constitutional duties, Her Majesty's attention to State affairs continued to be unremitting, and her opinions and actions were guided by the same deep political wisdom. The Queen sincerely and conscientiously disapproved the disestablishment of the Irish Church; but in the grave political crisis which arose when Gladstone laid his scheme before Parliament, Her Majesty exhibited in a most striking and impressive manner, that well-balanced mind, which enabled her to preserve her equanimity when her Prime Minister adopted a policy to which she was personally opposed, and her admirable recognition of her duty as a Constitutional Sovereign to use her boundless influence to moderate the violence of party passions

and secure that the will of the majority of her people, as expressed by her advisers, should prevail, however distasteful to herself personally.

In the General Election of 1868, the country, by returning Gladstone to power, with a majority of from 110 to 120, declared for the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland. The new Parliament opened on February 16th, 1869. On that morning Dr. Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury, received the following autograph letter from Her Majesty:—

Osborne, 15th February, 1869.

The Queen must write a few lines to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of the Irish Church, which makes her very anxious. The Queen has seen Mr Gladstone, who shows the most conciliatory disposition. He seems to be really moderate in his views, and anxious, as far as he can properly and consistently do so, to meet the objections of those who would maintain the Irish Church. He at once assured the Queen of his readiness—indeed, his anxiety—to meet the Archbishop, and to communicate freely with him on the subject of this important question, and the Queen must express her earnest hope that the Archbishop will meet him in the same spirit. The Government can do nothing that would tend to raise a suspicion of their sincerity in proposing to disestablish the Irish Church and to withdraw all State endowments from all religious communions in Ireland; but were these conditions accepted, all other matters connected with the question might, the Queen thinks, become the subject of discussion and negotiation. The Archbishop had best now communicate with Mr. Gladstone direct as to where he can see him.

An interview between the Archbishop and the Prime Minister accordingly took place at Lambeth Palace; and Dr. Tait found that Gladstone's proposed policy with regard to the Irish Church

was in practical accord with the conditions he had thought out for himself. The Bill was introduced in the House of Commons. It passed triumphantly through all its stages in that Chamber before the end of May. Then arose the question, "What will the Lords do?" A dangerous struggle between the two Houses seemed impending. What the Queen thought the peers ought to do is set forth in the following most interesting letter, which she sent, through her Secretary, General Grey, to Archbishop Tait:—

Balmoral, June 4th, 1869.

My dear Lord Archbishop:—I write to your Grace by the Queen's command. You must be well aware from your former communication with Her Majesty on the subject, of the great anxiety which the question of the Irish Church causes her, and will therefore not wonder at her desire to learn what your Grace thinks of the prospect of the question being settled during the progress through the House of Lords of the bill which has just been sent up from the House of Commons.

Mr. Gladstone is not ignorant (indeed the Queen has never concealed her feelings on the subject) how deeply Her Majesty deprecates the necessity under which he has conceived himself to lie of raising the question as he has done, or of the apprehensions of which she cannot divest herself as to the possible consequences of the measure which he has introduced. These apprehensions Her Majesty is bound to say still exist in full force. But considering the circumstances under which the measure has come to the House of Lords, the Queen cannot regard without the greatest alarm the probable effect of its absolute rejection in that House.

Carried as it has been by an overwhelming and steady majority through a House of Commons chosen expressly to speak the feeling of the country on the question, there seems no reason to believe that any fresh appeal to the people could lead to a different result.

The rejection of the bill, therefore, on the second reading would only serve to bring the two Houses into collision and to prolong a dangerous agitation of the subject, while it would further tend to increase the difficulty of ultimately obtaining a measure so modified as to remove, or at least to mitigate, the fears of those who are conscientiously opposed to the present bill as it stands.

Her Majesty was consequently glad to hear, though she knows not whether it was on very good authority, that the leaders of the Opposition are disposed to advise acquiescence in the second reading rather than incur the greater dangers to which I have alluded, in the hope of being able in committee to amend the bill so as to make the measure less objectionable.

The Queen well knows how anxious your Grace must be to assist in bringing about a settlement of the question, if not altogether such as you would have desired, at least the best possible under the circumstances, and she feels sure, therefore, that the great influence of your genius, high character, and station, will be used on the side of prudence and moderation. Her Majesty desires me to add that she will be very glad to receive any communication which you may think is desirable to address to her direct.—I remain, my dear Lord, your Grace's very faithful servant,

C. Grey.

Through the skilful diplomacy of the Primate these prudent counsels prevailed; and the second reading, on June 18th, was carried by 179 votes against 146, or a majority of 33. But the peers were determined to secure by amendments, in the Committee stage, a larger and better provision for the disestablished Irish Church than the Bill proposed. The measure, indeed, seemed still in danger of being wrecked in the Upper Chamber. "The friends of the Irish Church," wrote Archbishop Tait to the Queen on July 8th, "feel that they cannot allow the Church to be despoiled beyond the point thus indicat-

ed; and that it would be wiser to take the chance of another year of agitation, however undesirable, than yield beyond this point." To this communication the Queen replied on July 11th in the following autograph letter, urging a more conciliatory attitude on the part of the peers:—

The Queen thanks the Archbishop very much for his letter. She is very sensible of the prudence, and at the same time anxiety, for the welfare of the Irish Establishment which the Archbishop has manifested in his conduct throughout the debates, and she will be very glad if the amendments which have been adopted at his suggestion lead to the settlement of the question; but to effect this, concessions, the Queen believes, will still have to be made on both sides. The Queen must say that she cannot view without alarm the possible consequences of another year of agitation on the Irish Church, and she would ask the Archbishop seriously to consider, in case the concessions to which the Government may agree should not go so far as he may himself wish, whether the postponement of the settlement for another year would not be likely to result in worse rather than in better terms for the Church. The Queen trusts, therefore, that the Archbishop will himself consider and, as far as he can, endeavor to induce others to consider, any concessions that may be offered by the House of Commons in the most conciliatory spirit.

So in the matter of amendments in Committee, also, moderation prevailed. On Thursday, July 22d, 1869, the Bill was safe in harbor. "We have made the best terms we could," the Primate wrote in his diary when the struggle was over; "and thanks to the Queen a collision between the two Houses has been averted." Such a conflict with the firm and deliberate determination of the people on the subject of disestablishment and disendowment, would

have led to a grave constitutional crisis.

Gladstone was never an especial favorite at the Court. An absurd story was current some years ago that he was habitually uncivil to the Queen. It is also said that he talked to Her Majesty as if she were a public meeting. As a matter of fact no statesman more fully recognized the dignity and influence of the Sovereign's position. "Though decisions must ultimately conform to the sense of those who are to be responsible for them, yet their business is to inform and persuade the Sovereign, not to overrule him," he has said. He has also written: "There is no doubt that the aggregate of direct influence normally exercised by the Sovereign upon the counsels and proceedings of her Ministers is considerable in amount, tends to permanence and solidity of action, and confers much benefit on the country, without in the smallest degree relieving the advisers of the Crown from individual responsibility." His devotion to the person of the Queen was also unbounded. "I have no small talk and Peel has no manners," said the Duke of Wellington, ruefully speculating after the fall of Melbourne, on the impression he and his colleagues would make upon the young Queen. Gladstone had manners and exuberant powers of conversation, but no small talk, and it may have been that while his demeanor towards the Queen was perfect, the abstruse subjects which he generally delighted in discussing perplexed Her Majesty and made his presence oppressive or uncomfortable. It was not, however, his personal qualities, but his political schemes that displeased the Queen. She distrusted the domestic policy of Gladstone as much as Palmerston's intervention in foreign affairs. Disraeli, for whom Her Majesty entertained the deepest antipathy, in the days of his merciless attacks upon

Peel, for whom she sent with reluctance and misgiving when he was first designated by the decision of the electorate as her chief adviser, became, of all her ten Prime Ministers, Her Majesty's greatest favorite. For his death she mourned with the deepest sorrow. On April 26th, 1881, four days after the interment of the Earl of Beaconsfield in Hughenden Churchyard, the Queen paid a private visit to his tomb, to lay a wreath and cross upon his coffin, and take her last farewell of her devoted adviser. Her Majesty also erected a memorial tablet to the Earl on the wall of Hughenden Church. The inscription, which she herself wrote, runs:—"To the dear and honored memory of Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, this memorial is placed by his grateful and affectionate Sovereign and friend, Victoria, R.I. 'Kings love him that speaketh right'—Prov. xvi, 13." Disraeli, it is said, always referred to the opinion of the Queen in affairs of State. He unquestionably desired to exalt the influence of the Sovereign. But, no doubt, his popularity at Court was due not less to the policies and schemes of his great political rival, than to his own qualities as a courtier.

The Queen, in the exercise of her duties as a Constitutional Sovereign, has shown a complete detachment from political partizanship. She had the precious gift of being able to keep her personal wishes and opinions, her likes and dislikes—invariable in the Sovereign as in the humblest subject—under the control of her well-balanced reason in the practical conduct of government. But if ever her perfect judgment, her perfect tact, and her perfect serenity, failed her in the slightest degree, it was in one or two of her public utterances which referred indirectly to the policy, legislative schemes, or actions of Gladstone. The silence which is imposed upon the Sovereign by the law

and custom of the Constitution, must sometimes prove exceedingly trying and irksome, especially when things had gone wrong which might have gone well if advice given by the Sovereign had been followed by the Ministers. The nation was profoundly moved, early in February, 1885, by the news of the death of General Gordon at Khartoum, which for ten months he had held against the siege of the Mahdi. Sir Charles Wilson, with a relief force, arrived within sight of the town on January 28, to find himself two days too late, for on the 26th a traitor had opened the gates to the Mahdi, and all was over. The Government, of whom Gladstone was the head, was blamed for the death of Gordon, because of their dilatoriness in sending out the relief expedition; and in the height of the popular outcry against them, the Queen, stirred by the tragedy and pathos of Gordon's end, wrote to his sister a letter of deep, womanly sympathy, and womanly also in its impulsive and passionate attack upon the Government:—

Osborne, February 17th, 1885.

Dear Miss Gordon:—*How* shall I write to you, or how shall I attempt to express *what I feel*? To *think* of your dear, noble, heroic brother, who served his country and his Queen so truly, so heroically, with a self-sacrifice so edifying to the world, not having been rescued. That the promises of support were not fulfilled—which I so frequently and constantly pressed on those who asked him to go—is to me *grief inexpressible*! Indeed, it has made me ill. My heart bleeds for you, his sister, who have gone through so many anxieties on his account, and who loved the dear brother as he deserved to be. You are all so good and trustful, and have such strong faith that you will be sustained even now, when *real*, absolute evidence of your dear brother's death does not exist—but I fear there cannot be much doubt of it. Some day I hope

to see you again to tell you all I cannot express. My daughter Beatrice, who has felt quite as I do, wishes me to express her deepest sympathy from *abroad*; from my eldest daughter, the Crown Princess, and from my cousin, the King of the Belgians, the very warmest. Would you express to your other sisters and your elder brother my true sympathy, and what I do so keenly feel—the *stain* left upon England for your dear brother's cruel, though heroic, fate.

Ever, dear Miss Gordon, yours sincerely and sympathizingly,

V. R. I.

Again on the death of W. E. Forster, the Queen sent his widow a gracious and kindly letter of condolence, which contained expressions indirectly bearing upon Forster's quarrel with Gladstone on the Irish policy of the Liberal Government of 1880-5, and especially upon the question of Home Rule, which at the time occupied the public mind. Forster died on the 5th April. The Queen, writing to the widow of the dead statesman on the 7th—the day before Gladstone explained the clauses of His Home Rule Bill to the House of Commons—said:—

I purposely delayed writing at once to you, not wishing to intrude on your overwhelming grief for the loss of such a husband, so good and so devoted, fearing to add to the weight of your affliction; but to-day I trust I may venture to express not only the deep sympathy I feel for you, but also the true and sincere concern I feel at the loss of one for whom I had the greatest regard and respect, and who served his Queen and country bravely, truly, and loyally. We can ill afford to lose so honest, so useful and courageous a statesman as he was, in these days, and his public loss is very great.

This veiled reference to the Home Rule controversy was the only public manifestation of the Queen's feelings

on the question during the heated discussions and party and personal re-creminations of the year 1886. But since then evidence has come to light of Her Majesty's deep-seated hostility to Home Rule. In the biography of Lord Tennyson are letters which passed between the Queen and the poet laureate, containing significant allusions to the question. The Queen, writing from Osborne on April 16, 1886, to Lord Tennyson, expressed her sympathy with him in the illness of his son, who subsequently died in India. "I cannot in this letter allude to politics," she added, "but I know what your feelings must be." The poet laureate in his reply said—"Our latest telegram was from Colombo, 'no improvement;' but in this pause, as it were, between life and death, since your Majesty touches upon the disastrous policy of the day, I may say that I wish I may be in my own grave beyond sight and hearing when an English army fire upon the loyalists of Ulster." But as early as 1882 the Queen was apprehensive that Gladstone intended to adopt the policy of Home Rule. Mr. Barry O'Brien, in his "Life of Parnell," publishes an interview he had with Gladstone on the subject of his relations with the leader of the Nationalists. In reply to a query as to when he first directed his attention to Home Rule, Gladstone said—"You will see by a speech which I made on the Address in 1882 that I then had the subject in my mind. I said then that a system of Local Government for Ireland should differ in some important respects from any system of Local Government introduced in England or Scotland. Plunket got up immediately and said that I meant Home Rule. But I am bound to say that Gibson followed and said that he did not put that construction upon my words. Well, I had to send an account of that speech to the Queen, and it led to a correspond-

ence between us. More than this I cannot say on the subject." But in these few words Gladstone said enough to make it clear that the Queen gave the same interpretation to his language as Mr. David Plunket, and that Her Majesty wrote to her Prime Minister, as, constitutionally, she had every right to do, that she disapproved of Home Rule.

As a further illustration of the Queen's attitude towards Gladstone, it is interesting to contrast her message of condolence to Mrs. Gladstone with the letter of the same nature which she sent to Mrs. Forster. On May 28th, 1898, the day Gladstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, his widow received the following telegram from the Queen at Balmoral:—

My thoughts are much with you to-day, when your dear husband is laid to rest. To-day's ceremony will be most trying and painful for you; but it will be at the same time gratifying to you to see the respect and regret evinced by the Nation for the memory of one whose character and intellectual abilities marked him as one of the most distinguished statesmen of my reign. I shall ever gratefully remember his devotion and zeal in all that concerned my personal welfare and that of my family.

It will be noticed that while the words of deep and heartfelt condolence and sympathy are all that could be desired, there is no tribute, as in the case of Forster, to the dead statesman's services to his country.

There may be in the Queen's letter to Miss Gordon expressions which perhaps it was indiscreet for a Constitutional Sovereign to utter with regard to the statesmen chosen to advise her by the nation. But though there must

have been numbers of Acts of Parliament passed, and many policies adopted, in the course of her long reign, to which the Queen was utterly opposed, she never publicly entered into the combat of politics, and never, so far as is known, tried to gain her ends by the secret influences of the Court. We learn from her private letters, set forth in this paper, that she argued out with her Ministers questions with which she was not in sympathy; that she tried to turn them, by her advice and guidance, from policies which she thought mistaken or ill-advised. She sometimes, as we have seen, had her way. But that was ever the limit to the exercise of her personal influence. She never, by her action or by her opinion, aroused the slightest degree of hostility towards her in any of her many advisers. With entire self-abnegation she yielded her desires and wishes to the will of her Ministers, when she saw they were determined to persevere with their policy, and loyally aided them—as in the case of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church—in giving it legislative effect. Her guiding principle from the opening of her reign to its close was to do her duty as a Constitutional Sovereign; and such is the enduring force of the example she set in that respect, that in a country so swayed as this is by precedent, there can never again be a return to even the modified personal rule of the Georges. But if the Throne has declined in power during the reign of Queen Victoria it has enormously increased in popularity. The Monarchy is stronger than it has ever been, despite the enormous developments of democracy. It is firmly rooted in the devotion of its subjects.

Michael MacDonagh.

MISS MYLREA'S LAST JOURNEY.

I.

Miss Mylrea was enjoying herself very much. She sat alone in her shabby little lodging-house parlor. There was a paraffin lamp on the table and a very small fire on the hearth. She sat in a slippery horse-hair "easy" chair with a broken spring and a crochet antimacassar; and there were terrible oleographs of scriptural subjects in black frames on the flowery wall-paper. But she was very happy notwithstanding, for this evening she had been indulging herself with the sight of her hidden treasure. She had taken a little tin box from a shelf in a chiffonier where she kept her tea and sugar and biscuits and candles, and had poured out the contents slowly in a glittering heap upon the table. It was the great joy of her life to count over her hoard, and this she did very deliberately, in order to prolong the pleasure. First she counted the sovereigns into ten heaps of three each, then into six of five, then into three of ten each, her thin white fingers touching each coin with caressing gentleness, as though she loved it. And well she might! It had taken twenty years of daily saving and pinching to put by such a sum. Every penny of it meant so much warmth, or food, or comfort, which she had gone without in order to scrape together this little heap of precious gold. And now her task was done, just in time, and she was happy.

Elizabeth Mylrea was the last of the Mylreas of Castle Mylrea in Connemara. The castle had long been in ruins, the lands had passed to strangers, but she had still an inalienable right to be buried in the ancient burial

place of her race—the vault in the old church half hidden among hills and bogs, which was the dearest spot on earth to the old lady. There she had worshipped as a child by her mother's side; there she would have been married had not her neighbor, young George O'Donnell, been shot by one of his father's tenants fifty years ago; there she meant to be laid to rest when the time should come—and it could not now be far off, she knew. The doctor had told her that her heart was weak, and that she ought to have friends about her. Miss Mylrea knew what he meant, and made all her preparations for the last journey which lay before her. She had calculated all the expenses: a handsome coffin, not to disgrace the old name; the journey; the opening of the vault. It was all neatly added up on a sheet of paper, in a sealed envelope, which she called her will, and the sight of which gave her almost as much pleasure as the counting of her gold.

Miss Mylrea, like many other distressed Irish ladies, had lived upon the smallest annuity which could be made to keep body and soul together. But she had held her old white head erect to the last, and had never complained. She would much rather have starved outright than have appealed to any "charity;" and even when cold weather, and dear coal, and doctor's bills had made it harder than ever to put by the penny a day which was to her as sacred a duty as saying her prayers, she still made it possible to ask Miss Smith to tea once a week, and to be kind to poor Mrs. Collingwood, the widow with a lot of little children, who lived in the next house. Miss Smith, in fact, though she was Miss Mylrea's

most intimate friend, never knew what her annuity amounted to; and sometimes thought that "dear Elizabeth was not what one would call open-handed, considering that she had independent means." Miss Smith was a governess, and worked very hard for £70 a year. She was now sixty-five, and would not be able to work much longer, so it is no wonder if she envied the woman who was at least sure of something as long as she lived.

And as Miss Mylrea sat counting out her money, with the lamplight falling on her white hair and refined features, there was so satisfied a smile playing about her lips that many a rich woman might have envied her. "My task is done," she was saying to herself. "It has been my one piece of self-indulgence, and God has been good to spare me long enough to get my heart's desire. Now I can say 'Nunc dimittis.' I shall lie with my fathers, and not far from George." And the shabby room faded from her sight and she saw the land of green hills and brown bogs, with the little gray church and the tumble-down castle, and she was young again, and George O'Donnell was her lover. . . . There was a tap at the door and Miss Mylrea came back from Eden. With a quick gesture she threw her handkerchief over the tin box and the golden coins, and then said cheerfully, "Come in!"

"Is it too late? I saw the light in your window, and thought I might just run up and tell you about it," said the girl who came into the room quietly, stooped to kiss the old lady, and then went down on her knees before the wee bit of fire, holding out her hands. "You know I tell you everything, and I want you to scold me first and comfort me afterwards—as you always do."

"Very well, my dear! What have you been doing?" and Miss Mylrea looked very tenderly at the young girl.

Pattie was the eldest of Mrs. Collingwood's many children, and a great pet of Miss Mylrea's. She had discovered that Pattie had a beautiful voice, and had given her lessons in the old-fashioned style of singing, fashionable in the days when Miss Mylrea went to a "Seminary for Young Ladies" in Dublin.

Pattie looked up at the old lady with melancholy eyes. "I've only done what I thought was right and kind, and I always understood that when you did that you were happy ever afterwards. But I'm not at all happy. I'm very miserable—and I know it's horrid of me, and I want you to tell me so. And then—afterwards—I want you to tell me that I am a good child, and that it will all come right in the end—and that sort of thing."

"Very well, my dear," Miss Mylrea repeated. "But how can I, till I know what it is?"

Whereupon Pattie sat down on the hearthrug and clasped her hands round her knees.

"Well! to begin at the beginning. You know that I've made up my mind to get the L.R.A.M. certificate. I can't expect to get pupils unless I have letters after my name on a brass plate. You agreed with me, didn't you, that I must have a certificate?"

"Yes, my dear. At least you always told me it was necessary nowadays."

"And so—as it costs money—of course I have had to wait for it. And you have no idea, Miss Mylrea, what a time it takes to save £25. I haven't had a new dress—not even a new pair of gloves for an age. And I've walked home in the rain instead of taking the omnibus; and I've put every penny of my godmother's birthday present aside for two years—and at last I have scraped together the £25. You would think I ought to be happy now, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, dear! I think you ought to be

very happy to have saved £25 in two years!"

"But what's the use of being happy just for a fortnight?" said Pattie, mournfully. "When I got back from school this afternoon, I found poor mother awfully doleful. The doctor had been to see Jack. He's had a cough for weeks, and was looking very ill—poor boy. And the doctor said that he must go away from town and from England at once; if he stayed here through the winter he was afraid of his lungs; a sea voyage would be the best thing—and so on. You can imagine poor mother's state. You know the way doctors have of recommending you to get a slice of the moon. Jack is so much to her—and he is a dear boy. Of course the question was how could he go away? And Jack said that a few days ago one of his employers had seen that he looked ill, and had offered him a passage in one of their ships to Australia and back for £25. Poor Jack didn't know how to raise £25, and refused. But when the doctor said that he must go away, he told mother, and she began to wonder how it could be done. It had to be settled at once, because the ship sails in a day or two. And it sent a cold shiver down my back—but I knew there was no help for it. So I went upstairs and brought down my Post Office Savings Bank book and said, 'Take it, Jack, and go and get well. I don't want it a bit.' And it was very nice—just at first—to see how pleased dear little mother was, and to have Jack calling me 'a brick.' But, oh! Miss Mylrea, isn't it hard? All gone, and no chance now of getting the L.R.A.M. for years and years! Even if I ever had the heart to begin saving again, I may not be able to. I shall have to give mother *all* my salary now that Jack is going away; and I suppose I shall be obliged to have a new frock some day—for decency's sake. . . . No, I shall

never be able to have good lessons, and go in for the exam. now; or, at least, not until I am quite old, and what will be the good of it then? Nothing matters much when you're old! I shouldn't care to have it at all, if I can't get it before I am thirty. And so, instead of feeling nice and good and happy, I feel just miserable! Oh! Miss Mylrea—*isn't* it hard? Do say you think it is hard to have to part with all I had saved—just at the last moment!"

Her old friend was so long in answering that Pattie looked round at her impatiently. *You don't know,* she began; but Miss Mylrea cleared her voice, and said, gently, "Yes, Pattie dear, I understand very well. And I am very, *very* sorry for you. . . . But you have done the right thing, and you will always be glad of that. Go home now, my dear! I am tired, and it must be getting late."

Pattie thought that Miss Mylrea did *not* understand, and was very unsympathetic. It was so easy to say, "You have done right, and so you will be glad!" when all the time one knows that one is miserable, and will never be anything else, and she went home to bed and cried herself to sleep in five minutes.

When she had gone, Miss Mylrea counted her money once more—for the last time, she knew—put it back in the tin box, and locked the box with the key which hung round her neck on a thin cord. Then, because the fire was nearly out, she went to bed—but not to sleep.

Pattie's words echoed and re-echoed in her ears. "Nothing matters much when you are old!" Yes, she used to feel that. Happiness belongs to the young, and the old ought naturally to give up to them. Besides, what would it be giving up? Only an idea—a mere sentiment! After all, she would be as near George if her poor old body was buried in a pauper's grave in this far-

off town. Would it not be more pleasing to God to help to fill the world with happiness and song after she was dead than to sacrifice poor little Pattie to her own pride? . . . But the pain of giving up the "mere sentiment" was sharper than she could well bear.

Nevertheless, when Pattie came the next evening in answer to Miss Mylrea's daintily folded three-cornered note, the old lady's face was very calm and sweet. She put a little tin-box into Pattie's hands. "Take this, my dear, and go and get your L.R.A.M. There's just £30, and it will pay all your expenses. I had put it by for a journey to my old home. I meant to go some day, but I am too old. I shall make a shorter journey which will do as well. . . . You need not hesitate, my dear! Take it!"

"Oh, Miss Mylrea!" was all Pattie could say. But her eyes spoke her delight, and the kisses of her warm young lips fell softly on Miss Mylrea's withered cheeks.

"I shall pay it all back—when I have got my degree, and have a lot of pupils," she said.

"Very well," was the quiet answer. "But you need not be in any hurry about that. I shall not want it."

The room felt lonely when Pattie and the cash-box had gone, and every time Miss Mylrea opened the cupboard to take out the tea, or put her hand mechanically to feel if the key on the cord round her neck was safe, there was a sharp little pang at her heart.

And Pattie, in her restored happiness, said to herself, "How good of Miss Mylrea! But she cannot be as poor as we thought, after all! . . . And I will work hard and shall soon pay her back!"

II.

Elizabeth Mylrea had been a beauty in her youth, and something of the

freshness and sweetness of girlhood seemed to have come back into the old face with the gentle touch of Death. Her landlady had found her dead one morning—sleeping so calmly, she thought, that at first she crept away, fearing to disturb her. The same evening Pattie came back from London crowned with honor and happiness, and ran up to Miss Mylrea's rooms—even before going home—to tell her old friend of her success. . . . And she was too late! But even her grief was checked in the presence of that quiet and beautiful face.

"Yes! she do make a lovely corpse," moaned Mrs. Davis. "And to think that she should have a pauper funeral—and her of such high family as I've always told every one! It made my blood run cold, miss—it did indeed—when I opened the envelope she'd given me a few weeks back, and read on a second paper as how I was just to send for the parish when the end came. And all there was left in her purse I was to take for the trouble I'd had. Poor soul! Why, she'd never ring the bell, for fear of me having to be disturbed at my tea—or some such reason. Trouble! I always say there's no one like a real born lady for not giving trouble. And she was always that bent upon being buried nice and respectable! She was to be carried to Ireland and laid in a handsome vault of their own—she told me many a time—alongside of her forefathers, like Abraham and Jacob. She's mentioned it to me again and again, miss, though not quite so much of late. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I read about the parish." And the good woman, who weighed twelve stone, sighed heavily and wiped her eyes with her apron. "If it hadn't been that the front parlor will be to let now, and that a room's often empty for a good while after a death's took place in it, I'd have bundled out them parish men

and buried her myself, with my Thomas. To think of a real born lady in a pauper's grave—and when she used to be so set up about her family vault, too—”

Pattie interrupted her. “When did Miss Mylrea talk about it last?” she asked, for she began to understand the cost of her happiness.

“Well, I can't say for certain, Miss. But I don't think she has mentioned it for some time—not since you went away, Miss. I thought to myself that she was breaking up, and that perhaps that was the reason she talked less about the family vault. You see, folk don't talk so familiar-like about dying when it comes near, as when they think it's far off. But I'm just ashamed, Miss Pattie, to think of a pauper funeral going from *my* doors, and as to following it—”

“I will follow her, Mrs. Davis,” broke in Pattie with a sob, as she knelt down by the bedside and reverently kissed the waxen hands crossed on the coarse sheet.

Instead of going home Pattie ran down the street and hurried to the house of the Vicar of the church, at which Miss Mylrea worshipped. The Vicar was in his study writing his sermon for the next day; but he listened patiently to Pattie's story. “Can't *something* be done?” the girl cried. “It is so dreadful to think that she should have sacrificed the dream of her life for my happiness! Couldn't you stop this horrible pauper funeral, and get some of the rich people to subscribe, and have her taken to Ireland—after all?”

“I am sure she would not have liked that, Pattie,” the Vicar answered. “No. Let it be as she wished.”

The next morning when he went into the pulpit to preach, it was noticed that he carried neither sermon nor Bible in his hand. He said that he should like to tell his people the story of one who

had sat among them Sunday after Sunday for many a year, and had now entered into the silent land. The details he had gathered from Mrs. Davis, and was able to give a sketch of Miss Mylrea's history, and he ended it by reading the first paper she had left describing how she wished to be laid to rest at Castle Mylrea; and then, the later instructions, ordering the parish funeral. He told what she had done with the money so slowly and painfully accumulated; and made his hearers realize the immense sacrifice it must have been to part with it—when the end was so near. The next morning, he said, this well-born and noble-hearted woman would be carried to a pauper grave. She had outlived all her kith and kin, but such generous deeds as hers made all men and women, who had any generosity in their souls, akin. He had asked permission to read the Funeral Service for this sweet lady; and if any of them cared to do so, they too could pay the last honor to her memory by following the pauper hearse to the pauper grave.

* * * * *

When Mrs. Davis peeped through the front blind, in shame and trepidation, to see if “the parish” had come for the poor lady, she was amazed to see that the street was filled with people—not with her own neighbors, who had come to mock at her disgrace—but with “real ladies and gentlemen,” as she called all well-dressed people. There were several carriages too; and quite a number of ladies carried beautiful wreaths and crosses—such as Mrs. Davis had seen in the florist's shop-windows.

When the plain deal coffin was carried out into the street, there was a long pause as one and another came forward and laid their flowers upon it. Then the pauper hearse set forth, followed by the carriages and by a long procession. Mrs. Davis and Pattie walked first.

"Well, I'm fair dazed!" the landlady ejaculated from time to time. "There never was such a funeral from our street in my time—never! They must have heard tell of the family vault, and think this will make up to the poor old lady."

The sun shone brilliantly that day on the lovely flowers which were heaped upon the pauper coffin. The triumphant sentences of the Burial Ser-

vice sounded no less sublime spoken over a pauper grave than in Westminster Abbey; and as the body of her old friend was lowered to its resting-place, Pattle lifted up her fresh young voice and sang, "There is a green hill far away," which had been Miss Mylrea's favorite hymn.

And then the crowd melted away, and Miss Mylrea's last journey was over.

The Sunday Magazine.

Blanche Atkinson.

THE NOVEL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Historians of nineteenth-century literature will have a deal to say about the Novel. They will note, for instance, that in 1820 (when the *Waverley Novels* were in full flood) the British Museum received twenty-six works of fiction—an average of one a fortnight; and that in 1900 the number had risen to something like two thousand. They will cite public librarians to bear witness that all the world and West Ham read nothing but novels. They will find, if they are sensible men, significance in this prolific energy and in the popularity of the product. But they will also put some awkward questions. They will ask (1) Did the Novel justify its promotion? (2) Did it justify *itself*, by achieving its best and so realizing the end for which it existed? (3) Having achieved this, did it exhaust itself and trickle its last energies into the sands? Or, having failed to achieve, did it at the close of the century yet stand in a fair way of achieving?

The first and least important of these questions can be answered in a rough and ready fashion, but convincingly enough, by stringing together a bead-roll of names—Scott, Jane Austen, Lyt-

ton, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, George Eliot, Trollope, Reade, Meredith, Pater, Hardy, Stevenson, Barrie, Kipling; Dumas, Gautier, Hugo, Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Zola, Daudet, De Maupassant, Pierre Loti, Anatole France; Goethe, Richter, Fouqué, Auerbach, Freytag; Pushkin, Gogol, Turguéneff, Dostolevsky, Tolstol; Hans Andersen, Jonas Lie, Björnson; Manzoni, d'Annunzio; Valera, Valdés; Jokai; Cooper, Melville, Howells, Henry James. I have strung these names almost, yet not quite, at random; including one or two the reader may be surprised to find in such company. Let him think rather of the names omitted—names of his own countrymen and countrywomen—such as Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Galt, Peacock, Lockhart, Lever, Marryat, Ainsworth, Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Black, Mrs. Oliphant. . . . I stop short of the living; but let him spend five minutes in adding to the list, and he will no longer wonder at the place the Novel fills in men's minds when they think of nineteenth-century literature.

But the second and third questions cannot be answered in this summary

fashion, and if we are to answer them at all we must begin with a little history.

Let us take Great Britain first, because here the romantic movement was well under way before France found time to attend to it. With us the Novel entered the nineteenth century in two streams. For the first and more attenuated stream we may seek a source somewhere in the middle of the eighteenth century; we may start, if we will, with Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," published in 1764—but this fixing of sources is always a matter of there-or-thereabouts, and in fact the new romance had attained the dignity of being satirized as early as 1752, by Mrs. Lennox's "Female Quixote," and on lines from which Jane Austen very slightly diverged when she came to satirize it with "Northanger Abbey." At any rate, the revival which gave us Macpherson's "Ossian" and Percy's "Reliques" started also the Gothic romance of spectres, trap-doors, picturesque costume, violent incident and "boundless realms of invention." The "Castle of Otranto" and "Mysteries of Udolpho" are its landmarks before we arrive at Scott; and to us it seems poor tawdry stuff, with its daggers and cold poison, and raddled back-cloths, and property masks, "all standing naked in the open air" and dejected as *Cremorne* by daylight. I remember reading "Otranto" at ten years of age and being quite unable, even then, to believe in it—yet finding it readable, because with all its futilities it had a story to tell. This was its one merit, and upon it Scott seized. He had a divine gift of story-telling, and a sense almost as miraculous (for its age) of the true limits of illusion. He tore down the sham-Gothic back-cloths, and replaced them with natural scenery; he kicked off the mechanical spectres and relegated the supernatural to its proper place; he kept the gay costumes, the

sword-play, the tall buskins of romance, and much—too much—of the tinsel. But his imagination from boyhood had been fusing the braveries of Border-chivalry, of legend and ballad, into the scenery he knew and loved; and he had fused them so inseparably that by sheer honest belief in his own picture he won his readers' assent almost without question. His predecessors, in short, had contrived a theatre—Scott imagined a world; and so thoroughly that when he came to extend its borders and set an "Ivanhoe" or a "Talisman" in unfamiliar scenes, the picture might be extremely untruthful historical fact, but it was entirely consistent with itself and consistent with the rest of Scott's world.

The second stream entered the century in far greater dignity and volume. Already it counted at least four noble tributaries—Richardson and Miss Burney, Smollett and Fielding. It was racy too; a genuinely English product, with no sham-Gothic, no sham-anything about it. Unfortunately it had the defect of its English quality; it lacked ideas. As a nation we are apt to pride ourselves on not being "viewy," and the novel which Jane Austen took over had no views. Comfort was its ideal; an English home, a virtuous and cheerful wife, a reformed husband, plenty of babies, a contented tenantry, a respectable balance at the bank, dinner-parties, petty sessions, and beyond the park gates a ring of acquaintances whose foibles add salt to life. A great deal may be said for it even as an ideal. But it cannot be said to aim high; its materialism is naked and unashamed, nay, complacent; and—in imagination, in a novel, on paper—it is too easily attained. I am, and shall always be, one of Miss Austen's sincerest admirers. I believe that in "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma," "Mansfield Park," she attained in her own line to perfection, and that if

the novel have no higher aim than she brought to it, she in her short life said, calmly and decisively, the last word. Who has improved upon her? Not Trollope, assuredly; though in "The Warder," and here and there in his other "Chronicles of Barset," he came very near to repeating her success. The instinct of Scott was right; as an artist he could not but pay her his famous tribute. Yet the popular instinct was wiser in questing with the "big bow-wow," for Scott's hare was running, whereas Jane had caught hers and cooked it.

The curse which lay upon the Novel and kept it a sort of pariah-dog among the arts, was its tormenting, ever-present sense that it ought to be amusing, that it had no right to be serious (except as a licensed jester is serious), that it was "light literature" for Lydia Languish, entitled to ask no esteem from its patrons and to feel none for itself. Jane Austen (blessings on her gentle shade for it!) detected the cruel folly of this and the injustice novelists did themselves by their servile attitude. Hear with what spirit in "Northanger Abbey" she addresses her fellow-artists:—

I will not adopt that ungenerous and impolitic custom, so common with novel writers, of degrading by their contemptuous censure the very performances to the number of which they are themselves adding. . . . Let us leave it to the Reviewers to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans. Let us not desert one another; we are an injured body. Although our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world, no species of composition has been so much decried. From pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers; and while the abilities of the nine-hun-

dredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope and Prior, with a paper from the Spectator and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogized by a thousand pens, there seems almost a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labors of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit and taste to recommend them.

These are brave words; but the incomparable Jane left no successors to approve and act on them. The Novel's line of issue now lay through Scott; and Scott was at once too modest and too conservative to challenge the bad old tradition. There are folks (I know) who enjoy the prefaces to the Waverley Novels; to my mind they rank among the most melancholy things in literature, and in proportion as I love the man and his beautiful sincerity, it shames me to watch one of his genius fawning on the public, making cheap his glorious gift, and disparaging his art while humbly hoping that he gives satisfaction. He started with the ingrained conviction that a novel was something to be ashamed of, though perhaps the stuff might be excused if he made it amusing enough; and we could pass all this, with his squeamishness about revealing his authorship, and even credit it to his noble humility. But it did incalculable damage to his work. Here, at any rate, was a writer who revelled in heroic deeds; and he who understands heroic deeds should understand a hero, and he who understands a hero has grasped something of spiritual truth. But beyond a recital of heroic deeds Scott would not dare. He, who could invent characters by the dozen for our amusement, and unfold character with a master's hand so long as it remained humorous, eccentric, of minor importance, never by any chance admits us to the heart of his heroes or reveals to us the main-

springs of their heroic action. They have a few necessary and obvious features; they are good-looking, brave, proud, chivalrous, honorable, and it is profitable to be in their company. But they are figures in outline; of the real man, the inner man, he tells us nothing, lest it might be taken too seriously. He has left us a Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions; but, apart from their humors, he has not greatly increased men's knowledge of men. Even in Drama, which stakes its all upon action, action is valuable only as illustrating men's natures, the slow, silent growths of which action is the sudden outcome. In the Novel with its opportunities of tracing the silent growth of its personages, brisk action without reference to that which it should illustrate is mere beating of the air.

In poetry Byron supplanted Scott. And may I say here that it is quite reasonable to regard Byron as one of the two first poets of the century (whatever the other may be), and yet believe him to be a poet of no vast significance for us to-day?—to admit the daemonic power of his rhetoric and its timeliness in (say) 1812, to recognize its immense effectiveness, and yet find them both of antiquarian rather than present interest in 1901? But, be this conceded or not, Byron *did* consider man in his relation to the scheme of things. Manfred's attitude towards the universe may or may not be a crude one, but it does recognize man's relation to the universe; and though Byron, after experimenting, fought shy of the Novel (in which he would assuredly have achieved wonders), the novelists who derive from Byron—Lytton and Disraeli—have a sense which Scott never had of men's relations with the visible world around him, and the invisible or dimly visible world—"the army of unalterable law"—beyond. Lytton failed for two reasons; first, because he was not sincere, and sincerity of conviction

is of the essence of true Byronism; and secondly, because his Byronism (such as it was) was belated, and in timeliness had lain half the secret of Byron's success. That Disraeli failed no man ought to say; but every student of the Novel who has considered "Sybil" (for instance), and noted the author's constant sense of a great world beyond his stage, who has caught that low murmur which tells that the action on which we are gazing is but a small part in the tremendous movement which concerns all men, must regret, for the Novel's sake, a career which art yielded to statesmanship.

We come now to Dickens and Thackeray, giants who at first sight appear to stand alone and apart from the two streams we have been following; but in fact they stride across both and bridge the interval, each in his own way. In a sense, Dickens went back to Smollett as Thackeray went back to Fielding; and this source of his inspiration is so evident in his first great book as to invite the assertion that, given genius, no step was ever easier than from "Humphrey Clinker" to "Pickwick." But this great man was a learner and an experimenter all his days, and the impress of a strong and unique genius upon all his novels ought not to mislead us. Dickens strove against repeating himself; the sudden switch-off from "Pickwick" to "Oliver Twist" gives us a clue to his artistic conscience, and if we take the novels in their order, we can easily trace the process by which he brought himself under tuition of the Romantic School. It is possible to class "Great Expectations" and "A Tale of Two Cities" as failures (though I should dissent); it is not possible, with these in our mind, to deny Dickens the title of Romantic. And in the latter tale he achieved, after a fashion, what his predecessors in romance had failed to achieve. He rose above his own con-

ception of men as bundles of humors, he rose above the spiritual indifference of the Romantics, and he fairly grappled with the soul and inner meaning of an heroic action. In doing so he crossed the Rubicon between phenomenon and idea, between that which appears and that which is, between Jonson's country and Shakespeare's; and if Dickens, greatest of all the tribe of Ben, proved himself an incomplete Shakespeare, this detracts nothing from the honor of the attempt.

To claim Thackeray as a Romantic may well seem perverse if we recall his frequent gibes at romance, and his no less frequent assurances that he, for his part, drew men as they are. So he did, as far as their externals went. But to speak roughly, his men and women are drawn from outside, and for inside we have the author's delightful comment. It is delightful comment, but it hovers around the inner springs of action instead of revealing them, and you have only to compare it with Jane Austen's clear, decisive, impersonal method, to recognize a haze in the atmosphere. The temperament which makes Thackeray's style so charming is sociable rather than, in any true sense, artistic. He can be bold even to cynicism in appearance; but it is a boldness in manner, and goes no deeper than the surface. At heart he wants to charm, and feeling that his countrymen are easily frightened by ideas, he lets ideas lie, like sleeping dogs. His whole method depends on tact, and is immensely successful so long as tact can command success; but with ideas tact can do little beyond warning us to shirk them. An artist who sees life through discreet spectacles will succeed best in handling an artificial life in which conventions take the place of ideas. In "Esmond" Thackeray's genius found a field and limits which exactly suited it. To those limits he could boldly go,

and in "Esmond" he produced (as I hold) one of the greatest English novels of this century.

Yet it is something to declare that men and women must be shown inside as well as out, even if you cannot act up to your declaration. Thackeray's precept fell on good ground, and with Charlotte Brontë—through "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette"—the spiritual side of romance grows steadily in importance and significance. Whatever you think of "Villette," you must admit it to be a history of a human soul. Whatever you think of George Eliot's novels and tales, from "Scenes of Clerical Life" to "Deronda," you must admit that they do not shirk ideas, but are occupied profoundly with ideas. Turguéneff and Tolstoi have no warmer admirers than I am; but the claim that they endowed the novel with a significance to which English writers have been blind seems to me to need some such postulate as "Let it be granted that George Eliot never existed."

But with George Eliot we have passed the end of the Romantic Movement in England. In "Wuthering Heights" romance had fallen into new throes; we watch it for a brief while wrestling with a fever of savage passions, and some of us believe that if Emily Brontë had lived through the crisis to the peace of sanity and experience, her hands would have shaped the English Novel to new and splendid ends. But these are vain speculations; and the honor of summing up the movement in one splendid book was reserved not for Emily Brontë, but for a man who, but for his one triumph, could be assigned confidently to the second class, and reckoned a wrong-headed man at that. Charles Reade took no low view of the Novel's dignity; but in practice he vulgarized its sphere to a world capable of being constructed out of the blue books and set right by Act of Parliament. Once only

he found a theme which lifted him into a more real world, and not only exalted, but sustained him there. The "Cloister and the Hearth," with its wealth of learning, its ringing narrative, its grasp of spiritual truth below all the crowded human movement, is at once a masterpiece and a marvel in literary history.

The romantic movement in France began later than in England, and kept a more definite course. Men took sides over it, and so made the issue clearer than it was ever seen to be in England, where we are quick enough to do intelligent battle over ideas in religion (as the history of the Oxford Movement amply proves), but shirk ideas in literature, and substitute half-reasoned personal preferences such as, "I like Thackeray better than Dickens, don't you?" or assertions of half-reasoned faith such as, "I like old books best. The world's verdict upon great authors is good enough for me." I have no room here to attempt a sketch of that movement, which indeed has been written about and overwritten, almost as desperately as our Oxford one; but am tempted to speculate what course the Novel would have taken in France if only the gods had added one to the many gifts of the great Balzac. For any thoughtful reader the shock of his first acquaintance with Balzac, the amazed sense of discovery, must ever be tremendous. I doubt if all literature contains a revelation quite comparable with it. Here is no teller of stories, no creator of "characters;" here is a man who puts a key into your hand and admits you to a new world, with a crowded population and a complete philosophy of its own; you walk along real streets, rub shoulders with real men and women, and, as if your eyes had been anointed with fairy ointment, you see into their hearts and read their springs of action. Some

men, even acute critics, are completely conquered by the illusion, walk Balzac's world contentedly, and never learn disenchantment. To others there comes a weariness, a depression, followed by a new discovery—that this great genius is after all but a glorified Man with a Muck-rake, botanizing and biologizing in the ooze at his feet, never lifting his eyes to that spiritual light towards which the little organisms are pushing purlblindly even while they seem to him entirely occupied with devouring one another. Stendhal prophesied of himself, "I shall be understood about 1880," and the prophecy came true of him and of Balzac. For their full influence these men, who isolated the spiritual current, had to wait for a generation which believed all creation inexplicable by science.

But for man's dim sense of his fatal limitation, Balzac's influence must surely have been immediate and overwhelming, and one scarcely sees what room would have been found for Romance. As it was, Romance took up the quest of the spiritual—approaching it not on the side of truth, or at least not consciously—but on the side of beauty; drawn to it by art's ineradicable divine conviction that somehow in the end beauty and truth must be one. Of course, one does not pretend that Dumas, for instance, was bothered with notions of abstract truth and beauty while composing "*La Dame de Montsoreau*" or "*Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*." Such a pretence could only raise a smile. Nevertheless that *sublimation* of real life, which is the function of Romance, and appears on almost every page of Dumas, must in the end make for beauty, and did as an historical fact make for beauty. Let the great names which follow Dumas—George Sand, Hugo, Gautier—stand for witness. In Hugo, the most important, the pursuit becomes a conscious one, and the divine

side of human life is harped upon with furious energy, until man himself becomes a Titan beside God—nowhere more titanic (or grandiose, if you will) than in "*Les Misérables*," which taken for all in all, has been the most influential work of fiction in its century. Gautier, priest of the sensuous impression, falls far enough below Hugo's spiritual level; yet even a sensuous devotion to beauty may (as the example of Keats will show) play its part in a spiritual education, and though Gautier grew old and died in bondage to his own exquisite senses, it may well be that the conception of beauty with which he concluded was to others a help on the road. As a terminus "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*" is impossible; as an educative book for an artist in fiction it can have few equals.

With Flaubert the cult of beauty passes into a mania for exquisite language. It is usual to rank him with the "naturalists;" but though he stands in the shadow of the Scientific Movement, the only important harm it did him was in confirming that chill, scientific, expository attitude to which his saturnine nature already disposed him. I will not pretend to conceal—though I have here no space to justify—my belief that the effect of "science" upon fiction has been rather to blight than to inspire. The notion—rampant until a few years back—that Truth must lurk in a test-tube and the secret of creation in deep-sea mud, will, no doubt, be found in the end to have made, in a lop-sided, left-handed fashion, for progress. To its credit will stand M. Zola, with his laborious works and his theories; to its discredit, the beautiful works which Daudet in France and Björnson in Norway (to name two glaring instances) might have written but were dissuaded from writing. And as these, being non-existent, cannot have their value gauged, we shall conclude that all is for the

best in this best of all possible worlds. Further, we may set on the credit side a general increase of accuracy in observation and in language, a general improvement in technique. Upon this side of an art which leans towards formlessness and has too often disdained to be symmetrical or well-proportioned ("*Les Misérables*" is the capital example), the influence of Science, with its severe, precise methods, could not fail to be beneficial. I would even allow that, by suppressing some outlets for man's sense of the beautiful, Science drove it to seek others, and so may be partly responsible for that cultivation of "style" which Flaubert handed down to all modern novelists. It is by exquisiteness of observation, and of language in setting forth his observation, that De Maupassant will be excused, if excuse be possible, for presenting an aspect of life which is not merely hideous but *borné*, even petty. Scientifically precise within its limits, it wholly lacks imagination; it appeals to the intelligence, but not intelligently, because it ignores the heart. It is brutally satirical without the impulse of indignation which alone justifies satire; it is murder-as-one-of-the-fine-arts, not warfare. Separate Juvenal from Juvenal's moral impulse and you get a monster, inhuman, anti-social. Seek any such impulse in De Maupassant, and you will be luckier than I if you find it. A like dilettantism in sordid aspects of life was the mark of the De Goncourt brothers. Zola, to be sure, is no dilettante. He has the moral impulse; but his theory, though he has fought for it grandly through a career which all must honor for its laborious conscientiousness and its solid mass of achieved results, rests on a fundamental postulate that art should be scientific to the extent of sinning against its own nature.

In England we escaped the scientific

fury for long, and met the affliction only when its real insanity had begun to dawn on the rest of the world. Many things contributed to this immunity. To begin with, the theory found some diligent preachers, but no one man of sufficient genius to make its impression profound. It came to us as a complete and reasoned system of novel-writing; and as a race we are timid of logical systems, and ask rather to be convinced by results. Also we were for the while under the spell of Carlyle and George Eliot; that is to say, we were looking towards Germany rather than towards France. When the time comes to estimate exactly what German influence did for English literature in the nineteenth century, we shall probably find cause to be sorry for much that seemed mighty fine to us in the great Victorian days—the intemperate worship of strength, the demand for originality at any cost, the public consent that any vagaries of language were permissible and even admirable so long as they helped a writer to flaunt his own personality and arrest attention. But we shall also have to reckon that it kept us loyal to philosophy in days when science threatened to invade and break up the deeps. With each discovery we have never lacked, in poetry or in prose fiction, philosophers to hold us from panic. Lastly, French realism and Russian realism reached us together, or almost together; and by the second the first stood condemned. Zola observed no more carefully than Tolstoi; De Maupassant directed his observation no more exquisitely than Turguéneff; and beside the two Russians the two Frenchmen were no less evidently shallow than muddy. To say that Turguéneff and Tolstoi saved the Novel would be (I believe) quite false. The Novel would have saved itself; and (not to go

beyond our own shores), when George Eliot died Mr. Meredith carried on the fight. But these two men did impressively and in the sight of Europe, uphold, vindicate and establish the truth that the concern of Fiction is with things spiritual, intimate, deep, not with things material, external, shallow; with interpreting the hearts of men, not with counting their buttons; with ideas, not with phenomena; that it uses phenomena, as all arts must use them; but as a means only to arrive at stability, peace and law—or at such glimpses as men may get of eternal law.

And if too many later and living novelists seem at first sight to be playing irresponsibly at a game of make-up and make-believe, the game may be permitted in the security of a victory won. It is well to have writers who remind us that fiction must aim through amusement though its aim be serious; which is quite a different apology from the old one that fiction's first aim is to amuse. If you look beneath the play of Stevenson's fancy, you detect the moralist at once; if you examine the latest historical novel, you will find that it attempts to explain, and not only to tell, a story. Alike in D'Annunzio and in the tawdriest novel now captivating an Anglo-Saxon public, you cannot help being aware of a theory of life, or an attempt at one. It may be the starkest nonsense imaginable, but it is there; and it bears witness to an obligation which Sue and Paul de Kock, Harrison Alsworth and Mrs. Henry Wood never recognized. I regret to add that it makes the bad novelists insufferably pretentious and dull, whereas they used to provide mirth with their vulgarity. Yet we may taste a stoical joy in the tribute they pay unconsciously to their betters.

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

XIII.

ONE NIGHT.

"Awake, Miss Sahib, awake!"

"Miss North! Miss North!"

Mabel sat up in bed. Some one was shaking her window violently, and outside on the veranda were those two persistent voices.

"See what it is, Tara," she called to her ayah, but the woman was crouching in a corner, her teeth chattering with fright. Seeing that she was incapable of obeying, Mabel threw on a dressing-gown and went to the window. Outside stood Fitz Anstruther, his face pale in the moonlight, and Ismail Bakhsh, who was armed with his old regimental carbine and sabre. Thus accoutred, he was wont to mount guard over the house and its inmates when Dick was absent, patrolling the verandas at intervals; but he had never hitherto found it necessary to terrify his charges by a midnight alarm.

"What is it?" asked Mabel, opening the window.

"You must get dressed at once, and bring anything that you particularly value," said Fitz hurriedly. "We were attacked on the way to Nalapur, and there was no durbar. I'm come instead of the Major to fetch you to the old fort, for Bahram Khan and his cut-throats may be here at any moment. Will you speak to Mrs. North, please? I was afraid of startling her if I knocked at her window, or came into the house. Winlock is outside with twenty sowars, and he and I will see after the papers in the Major's study."

Mabel dropped the blind and went towards Georgia's room, twisting up

her hair mechanically as she did so. Rahah was already on the alert, and met her with gleaming eyes.

"I know, Miss Sahib. The evil is at hand at last. Awake, O my lady!" She laid a hand gently on Georgia's forehead. "The time has come to take refuge in the fort. The Sahib bade me be prepared."

"Dick has sent Mr. Anstruther to fetch us, Georgie," said Mabel, unconsciously altering Fitz's words, as Georgia, half-awake, looked sleepily from her to Rahah. "I think he wants us to be quick."

"Of course," said Georgia, rousing herself. "Now, Rahah, you will be happy at last. We'll come and help you, Mab, before Tara's ready. Oh, but the papers!—I must see that they are safe."

"Mr. Anstruther is looking after them," said Mabel.

"I wonder whether Dick thought of giving him the key of the safe? Very likely he forgot it in his hurry. He had better have my duplicate. Oh, thanks, Mab. There's a tin despatch-box standing by the safe which will hold all the important papers."

With the key in her hand, Mabel hurried down the passage, her slippers making no sound on the matting. There was a light in Dick's den, and Fitz and Captain Winlock were shovelling armfuls of papers and various small articles into a huge camel-trunk which stood open in the middle of the floor. As Mabel reached the door, Winlock held out something to Fitz. "Not much use taking this at any rate," he said, and a cold hand seemed to grip Mabel's heart as she saw that it was Dick's tobacco-pouch, which Georgia, with what his sister considered a rep-

rehensible degree of toleration for her husband's pleasant vices, had worked for him.

"No, put it in," said Fitz gruffly. "It may comfort her to have it."

A slight sound at the door made both men jump, and looking round they saw Mabel, her eyes wide with terror.

"Mr. Anstruther, what has happened to Dick?" The words were barely audible. Fitz stood guiltily silent. "Tell me," she said.

"He was wounded," growled Winlock.

"It's worse than that, I know. Is he taken prisoner?"

"No," was the unwilling reply.

"Then he's killed! Oh—" But before Mabel could utter another word Fitz's hand was upon her mouth.

"Miss North, you must not scream. For Heaven's sake, think of his wife! Remember what those two have been to one another, and remember—everything. Let us get her safe to the fort, and let Mrs. Hardy break it to her gently. A sudden shock like this might kill her."

Mabel freed herself from the restraining hand and stood shivering as if with the cold. "Oh, Dick, Dick!" she said, pitifully, in a tone that went to the men's hearts, and crept back in silence along the passage. Once in her own room she dropped helplessly into a chair and sat rigid, her eyes staring before her. Dick dead! Georgia a widow!—that perfect comradeship at an end forever!—and Georgia did not know it. Mabel wrung her hands feebly. It was the only movement she had strength to make. All power of thought and action seemed to have forsaken her. Dick was dead, and Georgia was left.

"My beloved Mab!" Georgia came hurrying in, equipped for driving. "I said I should be ready first, but I didn't expect to find you quite so far behind. I believe Rahah keeps half my things

packed, in case of a night alarm of this kind, but of course your ayah is not accustomed to these little excitements. Are you overwhelmed by the amount that has to be done?"

"Yes; I don't know what to pack first," said Mabel, with a forced laugh, keeping her face turned away.

"Well, Rahah and I will see to that while you dress. We may be some days in the fort, and you don't want to go about in an amber dressing-gown all the time. We'll begin with your jewel-case. Where is it?"

"Oh, I don't know. What's the good of taking that sort of thing?"

"It might be invaluable—to buy food, or bribe the enemy, or ransom a prisoner, or anything of that kind. Where is it, Mab? I thought you kept it in here?"

"Yes, I do." Mabel looked up from the shoe she was tying, as Georgia ransacked a drawer in vain. "But no doubt Tara has taken it out to the cart already. She has always been instructed to save it first of all if the house was on fire."

Mabel spoke wearily. The awful irony of Georgia's fussing over a box of trinkets while Dick lay dead almost broke down her self-control. How was it that she did not guess the truth without being told?

"But why hasn't she come back to help you to dress? I hope it's all right, Mab, but I doubt if you'll see that jewel-case again. She has had time to slip away with it and hide somewhere. Here, Rahah, put all these things in the box. It's well to take plenty of clothes, Mab, for we are not likely to be able to get much washing done."

"Don't!" burst from Mabel.

"Why not?" asked Georgia, in astonishment.

"Why, it sounds as if you thought we were going to spend the rest of our lives in the fort," said Mabel lamely.

"I don't see why. Surely you would like to save as many of your things as possible, whether we stay there long or not?"

"Oh yes, of course." Mabel turned away to fasten her dress at the glass, conscious that in Georgia's eyes she must be playing a sorry part. Georgia thought her dazed with fright, whereas her mind was full of that dreadful moment when the revelation must at last be made.

"Are you nearly ready, Mrs. North?" asked Fitz's voice in the passage.

"Quite," replied Georgia, stuffing Mabel's dressing-gown ruthlessly into a full trunk. "Tell the servants to come and fetch the boxes, please."

"Well, I'm afraid the servants have stampeded to some extent. Ismail Bakhsh, and the rest of the *chaprasis*, and one or two others are left, and that's all, but of course they'll make themselves useful."

"You see, Mab!" said Georgia, and Mabel understood that she need not expect to see her jewel-case again. They followed Fitz out into the veranda, in front of which all the vehicles belonging to the establishment were ranged, drawn by everything in the shape of a horse that could be found.

"I told Ismail Bakhsh to get them out," said Fitz. "There are the wives and children to bring, and I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Of course not," said Georgia. "Wait a moment, please; I have forgotten something," and she ran back into the drawing-room. Mabel knew what it was she had remembered.

"I hope she won't be long," said Fitz anxiously. "We've been here a quarter of an hour already."

Only a quarter of an hour! To Mabel it seemed hours since she had been awakened by those voices on the veranda. She looked out beyond the line of troopers sitting motionless on their horses, and noticed, without perceiving

the significance of the fact, that there were two or three of their number acting as scouts farther off.

"I daren't lose any more time," Fitz went on, fidgeting up and down the steps. "I can't think how it is they have left us so long."

Ismail Bakhsh, stowing Mabel's dressing-bag under the seat of the dogcart, looked round. "Sahib, *he* rides to-night. They will not cross the border until he has passed."

"Then whoever or whatever *he* may be, he has probably saved all our lives," said Fitz, as Georgia came out of the house. While he was helping her into the dogcart, Mabel caught once more the sound of the footsteps of the galloping horse, which the old trooper's quick ear had perceived some minutes before. The sowars straightened themselves suddenly in their saddles, and their horses pricked their ears in the direction of the noise.

"Old boy seems somewhat agitated to-night," muttered Winlock to Fitz, as the invisible rider pulled up suddenly, then galloped on again.

"There's enough to make him so," returned Fitz, who was helping to hoist the last terrified native woman, with her burden of two children and several brass pots, into one of the carts. "All right now?" he demanded, looking down the row of vehicles. "We had better be off then."

Was it fancy, or did Mabel see the sparks struck from the stone on which the unseen horse stumbled as the sound came nearer? She could have screamed for sheer terror; but Rahab, who was her companion on the back seat of the dogcart, laughed aloud as she wrapped the end of her *chadar* round the great white Persian cat she held in her arms.

"What fear is there, Miss Sahib? No man has ever stood against Sinjaj Killin, and he is close at hand. The rule of the Sarkar will continue."

"Now do tell me what has happened," Mabel heard Georgia saying to Fitz, as he drove out of the gate. "I'm sure I am a model soldier's wife, for Dick suddenly sends me a bare message ordering me to abandon all my household gods and take refuge in the fort, and I do it without asking why! But I must confess I should like to know the reason. Did the durbar break up in disorder, or were you attacked on the way back?"

"There was no durbar at all. Our people were attacked on the way there. But I say, Mrs. North," said Fitz desperately, anticipating Georgia's questions, "I can't tell you what happened then, for I wasn't there. Won't it do if I recount my own experiences, and you ask the other fellows about the rest of it when we get to the fort?" He left her no time to answer, and went on hurriedly—

"Yesterday we marched as far as the entrance to Akrab Pass, some way beyond Dera Gul, and camped there for the night. The Major chose the site of the camp himself, in an awfully good position commanding the mouth of the pass, and arranged everything just as if it was war-time. I knew, of course, that he expected treachery of some sort, and I was horribly sick when he told me this morning that I was to stay and guard the camp with Winlock, and not go with him to the durbar. I know I yearned to disobey orders, but, you see, he left me certain things to do if— if anything went wrong." Fitz cleared his throat, muttered that he thought he must have got a cold, and hastened on. "Beltring had come down from Nalapur to meet the Commissioner, as he thought, and the Sardar Abd-ul-Nabi was waiting just inside the pass with an escort of the Amir's troops. We in camp had nothing to do but kick our heels all day, for the Major left strict orders against going out of sight of the pass. He meant to get through his

work by daylight, so as to sleep at the camp to-night, and come back here in the morning, you see. There were no caravans passing, and the place seemed deserted, which we thought a bad sign. But about eleven this morning one of our scouts brought in a small boy, who had come tearing down the pass and asked for the English camp. We had the little chap up before us, and I recognized him as a slave-boy I saw at Dera Gul the day Miss North and I were there. He knew me at once, and began to pour out what he had to say so fast that we could scarcely follow him. It seems that the Hasrat Ali Begum had managed in some way to get an inkling of Bahram Khan's plot, and she despatched one of her confidential old ladies to warn you and the Major. Unfortunately, the old lady was caught, and Bahram Khan was so enraged with his mother that he promptly packed his whole zenana off to Nalapur, to be out of mischief, I suppose. On the way through the pass this boy, by the Begum's orders, managed to hide among the rocks when they broke camp, and so escaped with her message. He hoped to catch the Major before he started, but, most unhappily, he dared not ask the only man he met whether he had passed, and he was behind him instead of in front, so he came down the pass, missing him entirely, of course, and warned us instead. The Major's force was to be attacked in the worst part of the defile, he told us, and as soon as a messenger could reach Dera Gul to say that the attack had taken place, Bahram Khan would start and raid Alibad. It was an awful dilemma for Winlock and me. It was no use sending after the Major to warn him, for whatever was to happen must have happened by that time, and if we tried to warn the town, Bahram Khan was safe to intercept the messenger and start on his raid at once, and of course we couldn't evacu-

ate the camp without orders. We decided to strike the tents and get everything ready for a start at any moment, and we posted our best shots on either side of the entrance to the pass in case the Major's party should be pursued. Then we waited, and at last the—the force turned up. Thanks to the Major's suspicions and precautions, the surprise was much less complete than had been intended. But as I said, I can't tell you about that. Well, we had to get back here. The enemy were supposed not to be far behind, so we left Beltring and twenty-five men to hold the mouth of the pass at all hazards, and see that no messenger got through until we were safely past Dera Gul. After that it was left to them to seize the moment for retreating on Shah Nawaz, which Haycraft was to evacuate, so that both detachments might return here by the line of the canal. We put our wounded and baggage in the middle, and started—"

"No, wait!" cried Georgia, for hitherto Fitz had spoken so fast that she had found it impossible to get in a word. "Who were wounded? You said nothing about them before. Was any one killed?"

"I—I really can't give you any particulars," returned Fitz, at his wits' end. "Please let me finish my tale. I'm getting to the most exciting part. It was fearfully thrilling when we had to pass under the very walls of Dera Gul. Of course we were all ready for action at a moment's notice, but the men were told to ride at ease, and talk if they liked, to give the impression that all was well. I know Winlock and I exchanged the most appalling inanities at the top of our voices till the Dera Gul people must have thought we were drunk. As we expected, pretty soon there came a hail from the walls, asking who we were, and Ressaldar Badullah Khan, who was nearest, called back that we were returning from

Nalapur without holding the durbar. 'But what has happened?' asked the voice from the wall. 'What should happen save that the Superintendent Sahib won't hold the durbar?' said the Ressaldar, and we went on. Of course they must have been awfully puzzled, for they couldn't see our wounded in the dark, and the only thing to do was to send some one off to the pass to find out what had happened. Beltring was to look out for that, and if possible to seize the messenger and get his men away at once, before Bahram Khan could come up and take him in the rear."

"And I suppose Dick is helping to prepare the fort for defence?" asked Georgia. "There must be a dreadful amount to do."

"Oh, that reminds me, Miss North," cried Fitz, turning round to Mabel. "The Commissioner was most anxious to come and fetch you himself, but we pointed out to him that he could do no good, and being lame might hinder us a good deal. Excuse me, Mrs. North, I think I must give all my attention to driving just here. I don't know why all the people should have turned their possessions out into the street, unless it was to make it awkward for us."

They were approaching the fort, and the roadway was almost blocked with carts, cattle, household goods and terrified people. Several vedettes, to whom Winlock gave a countersign, had been passed at various points, and it was evident that the sudden danger had not taken the military authorities, at any rate, by surprise. The space in front of the fort gates was a blaze of light from many torches, and several officers in uniform were resolutely bringing order out of the general chaos. Gangs of coolies, bearing sand-bags and loads of furniture, fuel, provisions and forage, seemed inextricably mixed up with shrill-voiced women and crying children, ponies, camels and goats;

and it needed a good deal of shouting, and some diplomacy, with a little physical force, to separate the various streams and set them flowing in the right directions. As the dogcart stopped, Woodworth, the adjutant, came up.

"We want volunteers to help destroy the buildings round the fort," he said. "You'll go, Anstruther? What about your servants, Mrs. North?"

"There are seven who have come with us, nearly all old soldiers," said Georgia. "If you will speak to Ismail Bakhsh, who is a host in himself, I will see that their wives and children are safely lodged while they set to work."

"Awfully sorry to trouble you about this sort of thing just now," said Woodworth awkwardly.

"Trouble? I'm delighted they should help, of course. Where shall I find my husband?"

"Good Heavens! You haven't heard—?" The adjutant stopped suddenly.

"You blighted idiot!" muttered Fitz under his breath. "Fact is, Mrs. North, the Major's hurt—rather badly"—this reluctantly; "but I didn't want to frighten you sooner than I could help—"

"Where is he? Take me to him at once," was all she said.

Woodworth stepped forward mechanically to help her out of the cart, but found himself forestalled. The Commissioner had come hurrying up, preceded by two huge Sikhs, who cleared a passage for him through the throng, and now supporting himself upon his crutch, he held out his hand to Georgia.

"Believe me, Mrs. North," he said, "you have the sympathy of every man here at this terrible time. Surely it must be some consolation to you that your noble husband fell fighting, as he would have wished, and

that the smallness of our losses is entirely owing to his prudence and self-sacrifice?"

Georgia, on the ground now, looked about her like one dazed, finding, wherever she looked, fresh confirmation of the cruel truth. In Mr. Burgrave's sympathizing face, in Woodworth's pitying eyes, in the sorrowful glances of the stern troopers who had closed up round the group, she read the reality of what she had just heard. Her hand went quickly from her heart to her eyes, as though to shut out the sight. Then it dropped again.

"Oh, you might have told me at once!" she cried wildly to Fitz. "I could have borne it better from you than from the man at whose door it all lies."

"When you are more yourself, Mrs. North, I know you will repent this injustice," said Mr. Burgrave, without anger. "Allow me to take you to your quarters in the fort."

Georgia shook from head to foot as he offered her his arm. She was on the point of refusing it, of yielding to the sickening sense of aversion with which his presence inspired her, when the intent gaze of the mounted troopers arrested her attention, and awakened her to the deadly peril in which the Commissioner stood. These men idolized Dick, they had heard her accuse Mr. Burgrave of causing his death, a word from her would mean that his last moment had come. Even to turn her back upon him would signify that she left him to their vengeance, which might not follow immediately, but would be certain to follow sooner or later. With an effort she conquered her repugnance, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"At a time like this there are no private quarrels," she said hoarsely, addressing the troopers rather than the Commissioner. "We must stand together for the honor of England."

"Of course, of course," agreed Mr.

Burgrave, wondering what on earth had called forth such a melodramatic remark, for he missed the growl of disappointed rage with which the troopers let their ready blades fall back into the scabbards. "Most admirable spirit, I'm sure."

"Upon my word!" muttered Woodworth to Fitz, "the man would have been cut to pieces before our eyes in another moment, and he never saw it."

"Oh, ignorance is bliss," returned Fitz shortly. "What's to happen to the carts?"

"Broken up for firewood, I suppose. We can't make room for everything."

"I fear you will find your quarters somewhat confined," Mr. Burgrave was saying kindly to Georgia, as with the help of his Sikhs he piloted her through the gateway; "but we cannot expect palatial accommodations in our present circumstances. Our good friends Miss Graham and Mrs. Hardy are taking pains to make things comfortable for you, I know, and you must be kind enough to excuse the deficiencies due to the lack of time and means."

Georgia gave a short, fierce laugh. The Commissioner's tone suggested that if he had been consulted earlier there would have been a perfect *Hôtel Métropole* in readiness to receive the fugitives. She broke away from him, and laid her hand lovingly upon one of the new gates, for his presentation of which to a presumably ruined fort all the papers of the province had made Dick their butt only the week before. The echoes of their Homeric laughter were even now resounding in Bombay on the one hand, and Lahore on the other.

"If your life—any of our lives are saved, it will be all due to him!" she cried, and the Commissioner marvelled at the lack of sequence so characteristic of a woman's mind. He led Georgia through the labyrinth of curiously-involved passages and courts at the back

of the club-house, where Government stores and stray pieces of private property were lying about pell-mell, until they could be separated and reduced to some sort of order by the overworked officer in charge of the housing arrangements, Mabel following with Rahah. At last they reached a tiny oblong courtyard, not far from the rear wall of the fort. Here in the middle of the paved space was Mrs. Hardy, sorting a heap of her possessions with the assistance of an elderly Christian native, Mr. Hardy's bearer.

"Oh, my dear! my poor dear!" she cried, running to Georgia, and for a moment the two women held each other locked in a close embrace.

"This room," said Mr. Burgrave, who seemed to feel it his duty to do the honors of the place, "has been allotted to Miss Graham, as it communicates by a passage with the Colonel's quarters in the next courtyard. The two on the right are Mr. and Mrs. Hardy's, the two on the left are intended for you, Mrs. North, and the one opposite for you, Mabel. I believe the arrangement was suggested to Colonel Graham by Major North himself."

Mrs. Hardy raised her head and gave him a fiery glance. "Miss North, will you be so kind as to request Mr. Burgrave to go away?" she said viciously.

"No; wait, please," said Georgia. "Which of the officers were with my husband when he—was hit, Mr. Burgrave?"

"There were several, I believe, but the only one not seriously wounded was Mr. Beltring, and he will not come in until the Shah Nawaz contingent gets here—if at all."

"If—when he comes, I should like to see him, please," said Georgia, and the Commissioner departed.

"Now come in, dear, and lie down," said Mrs. Hardy. "Your rooms are ready, and I see Rahah, like a good

girl, has even brought the cat to make it look homelike. Anand Masih will bring you some tea in a minute, and then I hope you will rest a little."

"Dear Mrs. Hardy, you have given us all your own furniture," protested Georgia, recognizing a well-worn study table; but Mrs. Hardy shook her head vigorously.

"Nonsense, my dear, nonsense! We had far more brought in than we can possibly use, and as soon as I have seen you settled, Anand Masih and I will look after my rooms. Mr. Hardy is helping Dr. Tighe in the reading-room, which they have turned into a hospital, or I know he would have come to see if he could do anything for you."

Never silent for a moment, Mrs. Hardy administered tea without milk to Mabel and Georgia, and then tried vainly to induce them to go to bed. Just as she was departing in despair Flora Graham ran in.

"I am helping to arrange the hospital—I can't stay," she panted. "Oh, Mrs. North, Mabel darling, I am so sorry. I can't tell you how much—" She stopped, unable to speak. "I know a little what it is like," she added, with a sob; "Fred and his men are not in yet."

She dashed away, and Georgia and Mabel sat silent, hand in hand, until the sound of a cheer from the laboring garrison heralded the arrival of the Shah Nawaz detachment. Presently the clink of spurs on the veranda announced young Beltring, who was Dick's most trusted pupil among the military officers desiring political employment, and as a man after his chief's own heart, had been allowed to earn experience, if not fame, as his assistant at Nalapur. He came in slowly and reluctantly, scarcely daring to look at Georgia, his torn and blood-stained clothes and bandaged head

bearing eloquent testimony to the nighting he had seen that day.

"Sit down, Mr. Beltring," said Georgia, holding out her hand to him. "You got here without further loss I hope?"

"Yes, the enemy were on both sides of us, but they never came near enough to do us any harm," he answered, dropping wearily into a chair.

"Now tell us, please. You were with him—at the end?"

"I was the nearest, but not with him. He was riding with that treacherous scoundrel, Abd-ul-Nabl, and we had orders to keep a few paces to the rear. We thought he wanted to speak to Abd-ul-Nabl privately, but now I believe it was because he foresaw what was coming. We were still in that part of the pass where the walls are too steep for any ambush, when he, on in front with Abd-ul-Nabl, was rounding the corner where the track goes down suddenly into a wide, rocky nullah. He must have seen something that he was not meant to see—the glitter of weapons among the rocks, perhaps—for he turned suddenly and shouted, 'Back! back! an ambuscade!' Abd-ul-Nabl spurred his horse across the pathway to prevent his getting back to us, but the Major came straight at him, and the ruffian pulled out a pistol and fired at him point-blank. I cut the wretch down the next moment, but the Major had dropped like a log, and before we could get him up there was a rush round the corner in front, while Abd-ul-Nabl's escort, who had been riding last, attacked us in the rear. Leyward took command, and the fellows behind were soon disposed of, but in front we had a pretty hard time. At last we drove them back far enough to get at the Major's body. He was lying under a heap of dead. I got him out, and his head fell back on my shoulder. No, there could be no mistake, Mrs. North. Do you think I would ever have left

him while there was any breath in his body? I tried to get him on to my horse, and Badullah Khan helped me. Just as we had got him up, there was another rush, and the wretched beast broke away. I was thrown off on my head, and when I came to myself the Ressaldar was holding me in front of him on his horse, and we were in full retreat down the pass. We had lost eight killed besides the Major, and Leyward and the two other fellows were all badly wounded, besides almost every one of the men, and—and they wouldn't go back."

"No, no, it would have been wrong," murmured Georgia. "Thank you for

The Argosy.

telling me this. There could be no message."

"No message," repeated Beltring, answering the unspoken question.

"He could not send me any message," wailed Georgia, as the young man went out, "and I parted from him in anger. Oh, Dick, my darling, my darling—forgive me!"

"Oh, Georgie, don't!" sobbed Mabel.

"Poor Mab! I forgot you were there. Lie down here on my bed. I can't sleep."

"I'm sure I can't," protested Mabel.

It was not long before she cried herself to sleep, however, but Georgia sat where she was until the morning.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN.

I long have had a quarrel set with Time
Because he robb'd me. Every day of life
Was wrested from me after bitter strife;
I never yet could see the sun go down
But I was angry in my heart, nor hear
The leaves fall in the wind without a tear
Over the dying summer. I have known
No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice, Death.

The fair world is the witness of a crime
Repeated every hour. For life and breath
Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly
The voices of these robbers of the heath
Sound in each ear and chill the passer-by.
—What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time?
What have we done to Death that we must die?

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

THE MAKING AND READING OF NEWSPAPERS.

We all of us spend much time in the reading of newspapers, and there is an ever-increasing army of men and women engaged in some fashion or other in their manufacture. Children have been occasionally taught in painfully well-educated families to realize how many countries have been ransacked, and how many people have been set at work to furnish forth the breakfast table around which they are sitting. We may muse for a moment in a similar way over the scattered mortals that have been at work in all parts of the globe within the preceding twenty-four hours to fill the columns of the newspaper which the head of the family may be surveying at the same breakfast table. It is more to my present purpose to endeavor to realize how much time the consumer spends over the product of this associated industry, and how deeply it eats into his life and shapes his activities. The morning paper comes with the morning breakfast of all who have not to hurry off to their toil as soon as the day begins, and a workman whose leisure comes in the evening makes his evening paper part of the solace of the hour. Almost everybody at some time or other receives in the course of the day some account of the movement of the world outside his own personal experience, coupled with some doses of instruction as to the way he should view what is going on. Sober folk go so far. As for the intemperate, the taste may grow on them until, if their means afford it (or, perhaps, don't afford it), they seem to be reading newspapers all day long. Morning papers, evening papers, mid-week papers, weekend papers, magazines, containing newspaper articles a little prolonged, at home, in the club, in the railway

carriage, or tramcar, they are always reading or talking of what they have just read. Such men's lives get newspaperized, and if these are examples of excess, no one escapes a little saturation. It is no wonder that some have sought to deliver themselves from a habit leading to possible thralldom, and have thought they could find protection in total abstinence. Carlyle seems to have found some refuge in this principle, valuing, as he said, life and time which is the essence of life; but his greatest admirers, of whom I claim to be one, must admit that his example is really a warning. The later years of his life tell a sad story of slowly sterilizing forces, which must indeed in any case have waned with passing time, but which had lost freshness, elasticity and vital use sooner than they should have done, through his isolation. Total abstinence from newspapers means insensibility to the movement of the world. It may be pardoned as a personal weakness, but cannot be approved as a rule of life. I will not even speak of newspapers as a necessary evil. They can become an evil, and often are so, but the reading of newspapers is a proper part of the life of the twentieth century, and if we are to safeguard ourselves and our successors against the danger of its becoming too large a part of life as the century goes by, we must find our defence in a discovery of the right limits of newspaper reading, not in dispensing with it altogether. We are all of us members one of another. We feel sympathies and antipathies. We meet with helps and hindrances. If we would go forward as rational and responsible beings we must be zealous for accurate information, and open to all counsel that is honest, provided

only that we remember that our course is finally our own, and that we must reserve time and freedom to test instruction and guidance by the best standards at our command.

The newspaper exists, and if it did not exist would have to be created. But what is a newspaper? As Charles Lamb, whilst avowing a catholic taste in books, protested there were books which were not books, so, it must be confessed, are there newspapers which are not newspapers. The Stock Exchange List comes out daily in more than one edition, and those who are able to read it with knowledge and intelligence can trace in it the stories of nations, the growth of industries, the shifting of fortunes and the healthful or perturbed pulse of financial life. But the Stock Exchange List is scarcely a newspaper. It is full of news. But its records are hieroglyphs to which many, perhaps most, have not the key. A swarm of papers entirely devoted to particular trades or professions, such as the *Engineer* or the *Lancet*, may similarly be set aside. What we are talking about is something which is general to all who can read, and at least as wide in the range of its information and discussion as the interests of an educated citizen. There is, indeed, an intermediate class, appealing to special professions from the point of view whence they collect facts and direct speculation, which cannot be denied the title of newspapers, and even comprise newspapers of distinction. The clergyman likes to be in the world and out of it. He wants a newspaper telling him all the news of his church, and yet giving him a vision of external things, and many newspapers are offered to meet his wants. The man of business, in like fashion, is supplied with a newspaper discussing business and commerce, and also the background in the front of which business and commerce seem to move. To news-

papers like these we may take off our hats and pass by. Our newspaper supplies something for all and pays special devotion to none. It is, or should be, as broad-based as the life of the nation in whose language it is written. Whatever men do is recorded and commented upon. One of the greatest difficulties its makers have to overcome is the due allotment of the space at their command to the different aspects of the life they chronicle. No single reader, probably, is satisfied with the appropriation that is made, but the editor may be justified by complaints that answer one another. I find too much sport, another finds too much politics, a third complains of the neglect of literature, a fourth wants more science, while a fifth demands a completer survey of the course of trade. Very eager students of special branches must look to subsidiary journals for the ampler stores they desire. The general newspaper fulfils its purpose if the ordinary reader finds something on his own subject, and as much as he can digest on every other.

I have spoken of records of facts and of comments thereon. It may be remembered that Mr. Cobden had a conception of an ideal newspaper which should only record facts and leave the reader to deduce his own comments. It was a pretty fancy which may be realized when Collectivism has so far mastered the organization of our national life as to give us a national newspaper, but it may be feared that even then there may be difficulties, unless we shall have come to be all of one mind. Any one who tries to get a record of the same fact from a dozen different witnesses soon realizes that it is impossible to get a fair record from any single observer. The eye sees with a comment and the tongue does not take it away when it speaks. Then again, the selection of facts is made with a bias, and the very arrangement

of the facts selected may involve an opinion. The record of telegraphic news, which may be supplied by a dozen different agencies, gets passed into the mind of a reader under the influence of the headlines inviting attention. We cannot get rid of comments, but as we shall see, every reader may be trained to free himself as much as possible from their power, and no doubt much may be done by the simple practice of never reading leading articles. Old newspaper hands have been known to fall into the habit of passing them by, having perhaps some feeling akin to that of Tennyson's Northern Farmer, who was quite satisfied that the parson said "whot 'a owt to 'a sald" and "coomed awaäy." The development of the newest journalism seems also to be in the direction of the reduction of comment, except such as is involved in what would be called the italicizing of news. I cannot say that I find much satisfaction in a change which, by lessening the formal character of the comment conveyed, threatens only to produce a more hasty judgment. Comment is practically indispensable, and is indeed one of the best services a newspaper can render its readers, so long as we have a reasonable amount of sincerity in its formation and of intelligence in its reception.

British newspapers contain news and discussion, and give at least more space to the former, though there have been brilliant exceptions where discussion was most prominent, or even took exclusive possession. France, on the other hand, has had a long succession of journals in which the views and opinions of particular persons form the principal part, and the news is little more than sufficient to serve as a basis for comment. Recently attempts have been made to present a wider collection of news; and the Temps has, in this way, become an admirable

newspaper without sacrificing the weight of its political judgments. As a whole, however, the journals of Paris maintain their old traditions, and Frenchmen themselves read them to find out what this or that man is saying about politics, music, the drama, literature, or the fine arts. There have often been newspapers practically sustained by one man. M. de Girardin, for example, in the quality of versatility the prince of journalists, would thus start a paper, make it a success, part with it to some one else, and after a time start another, to repeat the same experience. A sumptuous mansion in the Champs Elysées illustrated his successes, and it is reported that Lord Houghton, visiting him there in the company of a well-known London editor, whispered to the latter: "This isn't much like Sergeant's Inn."

In the present generation M. Clemenceau, a writer of a far different measure of coherency, follows a similar career. For months he carried on *L'Aurore* almost single-handed, putting forth, day by day, some new aspect of the "Affaire;" and he is now commencing, or has commenced, another one-man journal in *Le Bloc*. On the other hand, the *Débats* has maintained a great succession of serious men, of whom the unhappy Provost Paradol may be taken as the best type, and *Le Figaro* has been a theatre of mockery and rallery in which, not to speak of living men, M. de Villemessant and M. Albert Wolff took leading parts. Perhaps the most wonderful illustration of the spirit of this paper was given in the late sixties, when a number appeared with a short announcement that it had been sold to an association of the Extreme Left, and the astonished world found its columns filled with pseudographs of Victor Hugo and his most uncompromising compeers. Fancy the Times appearing one morning with its columns filled with articles purport-

ing to be written by Mr. John Morley, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. John Burns and Mr. John Dillon. "Lisez le Figaro," as a Parisian once said to me, "et vous serez le plus boulevardé possible," and it must be owned this escapade would not have been possible away from the boulevards. I have spoken of one or two English papers which were exclusively or mainly papers of comment. The Saturday Review of forty years since was wholly made up of articles and reviews, and it is understood that among frequent and habitual contributors were the present Prime Minister, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Maine, Sir Fitz-James Stephen, the late Lord Bowen, Mr. Morley and many others scarcely less known.

Some of the same writers clustered round the Pall Mall Gazette some thirty years since, while Mr. Greg also was a frequent writer of letters if not of articles. All these men of distinction were, however, anonymous contributors save when Mr. Greg wrote letters and put his name to them, whilst the Frenchmen whom I have named habitually subscribed their articles, and their journals were sought after for the sake of their personal judgments. The question naturally arises, which of the two methods is to be preferred, having regard to the functions which newspapers serve? I lay down no absolute rule of preference; but on the whole I am persuaded that, brilliant and useful as the articles in the Saturday were, they would have been even more brilliant, and certainly more useful, if signed. An occasional gibe would have had to be sacrificed, but so would many an occasional pettiness. The Saturday would have kept its best qualities and could have been pruned of those which made Thackeray call it *The Superfine Review*, and Mr. Bright *The Saturday Reviler*. Anonymity does indeed permit honest judg-

ment, plainly expressed, without the necessity of personal discomfort. A man may allow himself to be censured by an anonymous writer whom he perfectly well knows, without a consequent breach of all social relations; but if the writer's name were appended to his criticism ruptures might easily become inevitable. This is the one solid reason I know in support of anonymity. Many others may, indeed, be adduced of minor degrees of value which I do not stop to notice. The people of this generation have seen anonymity largely disappear from magazines and reviews. The Nineteenth (or Twentieth?) Century will have nothing unsigned. The Fortnightly and The Contemporary are scarcely less strict, while the venerable Blackwood freely names the authors of many articles. The newest aspirant to public favor has, indeed, a small number of what are called editorials, but the bulk of its contributions are acknowledged. Seeing the great change that has thus been affected in magazines, we may hesitate to say that the English newspaper will never abandon its traditional anonymity. There are, indeed, traces that it is breaking down, and if a Mr. Cook of to-day could gather a new band of Saturday Reviewers about him paralleling the heroes of the sixties, his articles would very likely be furnished with signatures.

One great advantage of signed articles would be quickly appreciated by readers. We should know what to read and what to avoid. Particular names would give us trustworthy promise of something real, and if the producer of "padding" survived, we should pass over his column. One way or other, we should escape the miserable feeling that comes over one after skimming over two-thirds of an article that it is mere repetition of what we had had before. It may be retorted that the editors of some magazines

appear to be under a temptation to live on names alone, but there is little parallelism between the casual contributors to a magazine and the staff of a newspaper. At the same time a signed article, being more personal, might easily be granted greater liberty of discussion than is possible in an ordinary editorial, and the relations between an editor and his contributors would come to be modified to their ultimate mutual satisfaction.

X The editorship of a big daily paper is a post that can never be lightly filled by a man standing upon one leg, but it has its humorous, and even its poetical, aspect. The profuse use of the electric telegraph has intensified its character. With an easy stretch of fancy we can see a man in a sacred room of a sacred building, receiving messages clicked out to him through the waning hours of the day, all of which are sorted out, accepted or rejected, given their proper space and position, subjected to analysis, explanation and comment, and finally marshalled as a record of the world's day's history, duly furnished forth with garnishes of philosophy and morality. If we think how much is received and how much is discarded, what pictures are made up and what sermons are preached, and within what narrow limits of time all these marvels are transacted, the "ten minutes" bills, about which politicians sometimes talk, appear insignificant, and the wonder is that editors keep their heads and their moderation. There is, of course, an assistant hierarchy serving them in their toil. Special men or women look after special departments of the world's movement, assiduously recording them up to date, and necessarily mixing up something of their own personality in the product, but these excellent fellow-workers are but acolytes, and the great thaumaturgist watches, if he does not work the "looms of time."

What I have been picturing in fancy, perhaps a little distant from fact, and liable to loss in translation, is the conduct of a journal, so lifted up in its oversight as to be without parts, passions or prejudices. All journals are not such. There are the newspapers of party and of narrower, even of personal and pecuniary interests. As for party papers, no one can condemn them who is not prepared to condemn party itself. As long as party means an association of persons of common principles, common creed and common aims, it is a right and fitting application of their energies to organize and conduct a newspaper to present to the world their views of what is passing, and their reasons for trying to mould its progress in the shape they approve. The danger is in the temptation to see only one side of current events, and to neglect, or even to misrepresent, arguments that do not fit in with preconceived theories, and, if it is not anticipating what I have to say further on, readers who desire to see things truly and to act rightly, should be on their guard against being led astray by twists of judgment, which are honest enough in their inception. Stress must, however, be laid upon the word honest. The plea that is sometimes advanced that a man who writes in a party paper without belonging to a party, and puts forward the best arguments he can in support of action he would personally reject is entitled to the same latitude as an advocate who pleads the cause of any client in the law court, appears to me to be radically faulty. It may not be often advanced, and may not be often wanted—newspaper writers naturally gravitate to the side with which they are in agreement—but as it is sometimes heard, it must be pointed out that the advocate is a recognized person—we may almost say a public official—discharging without concealment, a perfectly well understood func-

tion under conditions and safeguards formulated by long experience and maintained by watchful assessors, whilst the article-writer plays his part in secret, and his work is put before the world with a pretence of conviction.

I fall back from this question to the other, and perhaps rarer, type of newspaper, claiming to be independent, which may for a time support a particular party, but is not of it, and which, the work of the hour being performed, may be found to-morrow in some fresh connection, strongly opposing those it supported yesterday. I may hazard, in passing, the suggestion that all papers which have attained distinction, and have made names for themselves in the world, have been built up in this spirit of independence, though their influence and authority may survive after the spirit has become almost imperceptible. Trace the story of any great paper, whether at home or in the Colonies, in France or the United States, in Central Europe or even in Russia, and you will find its success associated with the name of some one man whose energy permeated all the departments, and manifested itself in political independence as much as in prompt commercial management. If this assertion is found on examination to be true, it should encourage the independent newspaper, that is to say, the newspaper that no political leader or party can claim to appropriate. Like all other institutions, such a journal has its honorable and its degraded manifestations. The test is whether its conductors try to put before the world what the more honest and sensible folk would naturally see or think, or whether their aim is simply to catch the largest babble of the largest number at the moment, drowning the quieter voices with the hubbub of the streets. The man who starts by aiming at the first can easily degenerate

into catching at the second. Carlyle has left us a living picture of the personality of Captain Sterling, collecting and condensing, day by day, the best current judgment of the world on the topics of the hour. Whilst attributing to Captain Whirlwind, as he called him, only two fixed principles, and these at bottom but one, belief in the Duke of Wellington and disbelief in O'Connell—principles which Carlyle, by the way, shared with his subject—he proclaims him a true man, working towards the right, and as we read we feel the justice of the description. There was, in fact, a good deal of value in the "two principles which were at bottom one." The Thunderer of the Times had an eye for a man and his purposes, and, whilst possessed of no gift taking him out of the sight of the world, was able to see pretty well into what the world wanted to do, and to indicate the way. He had not the function of a prophet, but all the same he did honest and good service. The accident of his acquaintance with Carlyle, through his son's deeper intimacy with the Sage of Chelsea, has brought him out of the world of anonymous shadows and made him live before us, and in the light of his example the practice and worth of a newspaper may be judged. It would be foolish to set the person of the piece too high. It would be easy to set him too low. The highest genius could not fill the part, and its endless iteration would soon make it wearisome to most. I have heard a tradition of an editor of the days of Sterling who used to say when Tuesday night closed: "Thank God there's the half of another — week over;" whilst the story runs of another man of parts of the same generation, the editor of a paper which has itself since disappeared, that he showed his humanity by getting drunk every Saturday night as a bricklayer might after the labor of a week. I hesitate to tell

the tale of an acquaintance of my own, who startled me one day by saying he had written an epitaph on himself:—

Here lies John Smith, who died—— day of——. He was for many years a writer of leading articles in the *Bonian*.

"Nothing remarkable in that," I said. "No," he replied; "but I have got my text also:—'And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country who sent him into the fields to feed swine.'"

The emphasis of the last words did not allow me a reply at the time. But what I ought to have said—and I recall the incident for the purpose of saying it—is that feeding swine, if not the highest, is not a dishonorable employment, provided you take your herd to the best available pastures, and prevent them from trespassing and uprooting the crops of your neighbors. There is clean living and foul living in all occupations, and, having known something of both worlds, I am free to say that it is as easy and as common to be honest in Fleet-street as it is at Westminster. An editor of a great paper gets as near the expression of his innermost thought as the leader of a great party, and the obligations of partnership are perhaps severer in the House of Commons than they are in newspaper columns. In both spheres there are occasions when a man is tried, and in both he should be the last to complain of the penalties of trial. A contributor may find himself diverging from his editor. The editor may find himself diverging from the views of the capitalist proprietor. No one of the three classes can be assumed to be always right. On the whole, the world of newspapers probably illustrates the far-reaching truth of the judgment of the Swedish Chancellor: "My son, the longer you live the more you will be convinced with how little wisdom the

world is governed." When we find editors or contributors renouncing their positions and going out into the cold, we may and must approve the honesty and self-sacrifice, even if we think it inspired by an error; but we are not justified in condemning the unyielding associate between whom and his fellow-workers an irreconcilable difference has arisen inducing the sacrifice. "Property has its rights as well as its duties," is quite as true as the more current inverted phrase.

The newspaper is made to be read, and perhaps there is as much art in the reading of newspapers as in the making of them. It is elementary that every one should try to master the arrangement of the newspaper he habitually reads, and most newspapers are generally arranged upon some definite plan, though now and then the manager seems to be bent on bewildering his customers by putting all things out of order, perhaps on the plea that every subject should sometimes have a foremost space. Knowledge of the plans of different papers saves endless time and trouble on the part of those who have to refer to them, and in this connection I may recall the memory of a man never personally known to me, whose peculiar gift I heard described many years since by no less a person than the late Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Falmey, as I will call him, began life as an Irish national schoolmaster, then he became an Irish policeman, then sub-editor, then a hanger-on of metropolitan newspapers, in which period he appeared in a police-court in another capacity than that of policeman. Then he went to the United States as an Irish patriot, and finally died much honored in this character. The distinction recorded by Lord Russell belonged to the middle period, when Falmey had an unrivalled gift as sub-editor in detecting any scrap of intelli-

gence of any particular value in the file of newspapers thrown to him for examination. He had the nose of a hound, or the eye of a lynx, or some gift combining both; so that paper after paper was examined and tossed aside, and the bit of special value which any one might contain was detected as it passed. Such a faculty, like all great faculties, was doubtless inborn, but an inferior gift could probably be improved by training.

From this almost mechanical art, developed perhaps by a few, we may pass to what is more important—the temper of moral and intellectual criticism, which should be cultivated by the many. A newspaper is made to be read, and the maker consults the taste of the reader. It is true that the taste of readers is in turn acted upon by the food they receive, as we know the bodily frame adapts itself to its nourishment, so that poisons can, with due preparation, be taken with impunity. Yet in this interchange of action and reaction the main factor is probably the taste of the reader, and it is true that each nation gets the newspaper it deserves. This is but an illustration of the doctrine so comfortable to those who have prospered, that in the long run every man gets his deserts. Heroes and martyrs apart, and speaking only of the ordinary mass of ordinary mortals, I do not dissent from this great theorem, and am disposed to echo the statement that the people who cry out they don't get enough, whether they are "splendid paupers" or needy curates, or clamorous wage receivers, might all be indicted as endeavoring to obtain money on false pretences. Passing from this general proposition, it is idle to complain that newspapers are not different from what we make them. A business people will have business papers. Rowdy readers will get "Rowdy Journals." A vulgar nation must have a vulgar press. To quote some-

what fastidious testimony:—"If the Whirlpool depended upon me, it would never have circulated for a month. I don't think I ever bought a copy even when travelling, when one ventures on experiments, and if my fingers have come across it in turning over a confused heap on a club table, I have had an uncomfortable sensation as of physical dirt." This is perhaps a little overstrained, but the substantial question is what do we want in a paper. If a man desires only to have his own views confirmed, to have a selection of facts made for him fitting into his prepossessions, and to be furnished with arguments which lend no suspicion to there being another side, he will easily get what he wishes. Few have the courage to avow that this is all they want. Most people have a notion that there is an accurate and inaccurate way of seeing things, and a right and wrong way of acting, and those who want to find out what is accurate, and to hold right opinions, cannot have better practical advice than frequently to read some reasonable newspaper in opposition to their own party. There is doubtless great virtue in the word reasonable; but the restriction involved in the epithet is just, and any man who keeps his intellect alive will not let himself be betrayed into thinking that all newspapers are unreasonable whose views differ from his own. If we cannot enjoy the advantage of frequently reading an opposition paper, we must do the next best thing in bringing a spirit of critical inquiry to the newspaper of our own side. After all, every newspaper is a human product, and must needs bear traces of its origin. We need raise no accusations of wilful falsehood. It is enough that every man makes a selection of such facts as he thinks important, and gives them the color he is prone to see, and when the spirit of partisanship, which is not far from any one of us, seizes a

man, a natural selection easily becomes a falsehood, and its color an outrage. As a reader must be on guard against himself and against his friends, always supposing he wants to see and act justly, so must he question, in the light and knowledge of the past and of human nature, the stories and the reasonings supplied for his consumption, and not unfrequently put them aside as worse than worthless. Testimony has a certain claim to credit, but we often have to set against the weight one man is bound to give to another man's statement the improbability or incredibility of the thing stated. One cause of distortion, though not of direct falsehood, is common to all newspapers. Appearing as they do, day after day, with little alteration in size or style, there is an irresistible temptation on the part of their makers to magnify the importance of the immediate hour, and to forget its relation to the past and the future between which it stands as a point of small inherent value. To be carried away by the transaction of the moment which will appear insignificant and a particle in the stream of events, is the besetting sin of journalists and of too eager readers. Another reflection must be added. Every newspaper is a big machine, employing, as we have said, many co-operative agencies. Each probably has some peculiar to itself, and the character impressed at headquarters passes as a wave throughout all ramifying agencies, and affects the communications transmitted in return. Orders are not given that news and comment of a special character shall be sent, but they are quite naturally picked up and excogitated under the influence of the spirit which dominates the machine. Then the truth must be remembered which is broadly illustrated in the game of "Russian Scandal," that evidence passed from person to person is affected at each turn by giver and receiver,

so that quite unconsciously the last interpretation presents some contrast to the first statement.

There are, of course, at the command of every newspaper news agencies, independent of itself, which might be appealed to as likely to correct the bias of its own correspondents, but every newspaper must needs prefer what its special agents send it, throwing other messages into the background; and, moreover, however independent news agencies may be, they, too, have to be served by fallible mortals, who may be selected with the greatest care, but who go forth to the distance and the dark, and are not easily checked in their irresponsible action. These reflections might perhaps be summed up in one aphorism: Always remember that your impersonal paper is at bottom the product of a limited number of persons, perhaps inspired by one spirit, and treat the paper and what it says as you would treat the work of so many persons of your own acquaintance. Cobbett, who was really one of the greatest of English newspaper men, in his strength and his weakness, his sturdy common-sense and the power of his ignorance and of his prejudices, used to say that he should like the people of London to see the editors of their papers marshalled in a row in Hyde Park, and he wondered what would be thought of these guides of the nation when their persons were thus realized. Every one of us can perform the feat of imagining such a show, and if we carry the picture with us when we read our newspapers we shall, perhaps, be able to appreciate their contents with a juster sense of their authority.

Perhaps it may be said that the upshot of all this would not merely diminish the awe which surrounds unknown forces; it would degrade the conductor of every newspaper below the standard the class may rightly claim to occupy.

Educated men with the training and experience of years about many of them may be trusted to be on their guard even more than their readers, and it is not necessary to invite a sceptical and scoffing spirit to play about their work so as to get it rightly understood. There is weight in the remonstrance, and yet it may be remembered that all these safeguards have sometimes proved ineffectual. Let us get away from the exciting atmosphere of to-day and recall a past not very distant, but still one in which the actors of this hour took no part. Some forty years ago a great drama was transacted on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is mere history to say that with the fewest exceptions all the newspapers in London went wrong in their judgment about it. The *Daily News* was an exception, and I heard at the time, though I do not vouch for the statement, that this exception was due to the decisive judgment of its then editor, Mr. Walker, who had to overcome strong adverse forces to keep his paper straight. When it is recalled that Mr. Cobden was not quite right about this great matter, and that Mr. Gladstone was quite wrong, the defenders of the newspapers of that time may plead that they had some excuse for their errors, but the only point I care about is

The Contemporary Review.

that they did err, and it would be really interesting if some person would take the trouble to go back to the files of the early sixties and reproduce the different views of the Civil War, its conduct and its upshot, which were then served out day by day to English readers. I shall not go into details, and, indeed, if one began by quoting the declaration that the Morrill tariff was the cause of the war, who would now understand what the Morrill tariff meant? I simply refer to this experience of the last generation as affording some kind of excuse for what, on the face of it, may appear to be an unparadonable scepticism of to-day. Doubtless we have bettered our predecessors, though there were strong men about in the early sixties; but with all improvements in the later Victorian Era, not forgetting the Education Act of 1870, we are perhaps fallible to-day as men were fallible forty years since. It is a thought to make every man cautious, and yet at the same time to make him bold and patient. He may be wrong, and he is bound to use all his vigilance to guard against error, but though there are a thousand against him he may be right, and the odds he has to face do not exactly increase with the number of his opponents.

Leonard Courtney.

ROMNEY'S PORTRAITS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

To pass successfully through the ordeal of two "one-man" exhibitions within a year is certainly a test of an artist's popularity, if not of his real merit. Twice have the critics wavered, twice the public has applauded, and the authorities of the Grafton Gallery must be commended for their bold determination to hazard so much on a

second throw, although it cannot be said that the later exhibition can compare with the first in representative character.

To-day, as during the painter's lifetime, there is a Romney faction as loud in his praise as the anti-Romney faction in his disparagement. "Romney and Reynolds divide the town," was

the cry of their contemporaries, though the great painter of Leicester Square was wont to speak slightly of "the man in Cavendish Square," whose work he affected to despise rather than to resent. There are still those who side with Romney in the eternal rivalry of these two artists, so widely different in their aims and temperaments, yet curiously alike in certain characteristics of style and defects of workmanship. To most modern art critics and historians Romney plays a part third only to those of his great contemporaries Reynolds and Gainsborough; no mean rank either, for his life's work lay in the best years—the classical period of English Art. In popular estimation he runs even these princes of English portrait-painting hard. He was not learned, like the courtly Reynolds, whose intense and whole-hearted admiration of the old masters, while leading him into paths unexplored by Romney, led him also into dangers unknown by his rival. Reynolds in his more important works painted, as it were, with one eye on the Muses and the Royal Academy, and the other on the immortality of himself and his sitter. Romney never cared to become a member of the Academy, though he could have had the honor for the asking. Again, if Reynolds's scope was not wide Romney's limitations were all too narrow. He could no more compare with Reynolds in intellectual vigor than with Gainsborough in spirituality and magnificence of color. Nor had he Gainsborough's quick magic to render with swift yet subtle impressionism a passing mood or the flash of a smile.

Romney was a creature of impulse, wayward and uneven in his life, as in his art, with all the merits and demerits of the so-called artistic temperament. What he lacked was the power of concentration, and the intellectual grasp which should translate his impulsive conceptions into terms of pure art.

Many of his greatest projects were never brought to birth. Indeed, as fast as he had thrown off a scheme, had noted an idea, new ones flocked into his fertile, if facile, brain, and he was off with the old and on with the new too rapidly to do justice to either. Many and vast were the schemes he projected. Not a few of them have remained in the cartoon stage. For Romney was not to escape the contagion of his day, from which Gainsborough alone seems to have kept himself immune, the rage for historical and imaginative painting, which in the minds of his generation stood for the Grand Style and for great art. He will not live as an historical or imaginative painter, though distinctly above the rank and file of his own and a rather later day—West, Fuseli, Barry and Haydon. Even his greatest works in these branches, "Shakespeare Nursed by Tragedy and Comedy," "Shakespeare and the Passions," both exhibited at the Grafton Gallery, interest rather than delight us, though the first is also important for its presentation of the divine Emma in yet another rôle. It is a matter for regret that his "Birth of Shakespeare" and "Death of General Wolfe" were neither available to add to the completeness of the two collections. Many of the pictures shown at the Grafton Gallery were exhibited there for the first time, and although it is impossible to accept all the attributions, and although many of his most famous canvases were absent, no such opportunity of judging him at his best and his worst has ever been offered in the past.

In spite of his own preference for subject pictures, expressed in a letter to his friend and future biographer Hayley—"This cursed portrait-painting, how I am shackled with it! I am determined to live frugally, that I may enable myself to cut it short as soon as I am tolerably independent, and then give my mind up to those delight-

ful regions of imagination"—it is above all in his essentially English character of portrait painter that Romney should be judged. One picture, indeed, at the Grafton Gallery, with figures in a hazy, brown landscape, "Italian Peasants Washing Linen," painted during a visit to Naples, and irresistibly recalling George Morland in tone and handling, is so full of life, so rich in color, that we cannot but wish he had oftener ventured upon similar ground. It was on finding that his early heroic compositions brought him in but little that Romney, like Dick Tinto, had recourse to "levying that tax upon the vanity of mankind which he could not extract from their taste and liberality—in a word, he painted portraits." His style soon became formed and his reputation grew with equal rapidity. He became one of the three fashionable painters of his day. For he had the magic power, the golden key to success as a portrait painter, of investing all his sitters with a beauty which we cannot believe to have been so universal as he would have us think. His sitters saw themselves depicted on his canvases in all the beauty of their own imaginative ideal of themselves. Yet nothing was more delicate or subtle than the flattery. "I fancy," wrote one of the most famous of them, naively enough, to her friend, "I called up my very good looks to-day; where they came from I don't know, but my picture is certainly much improved. All seem satisfied with it. I have reason to be so, for it is handsomer than ever I was in my life." Perhaps the artist could have solved the puzzle. In this respect how great the distance between the portraiture in vogue in Romney's day and the modern impressionist portraiture of a Sargent or a Whistler, where the sitter is merely the *leitmotif* in a symphony of tone and color! No wonder, then, that Romney's studio was mobbed by beauty and fashion, wait-

ing to see their charms acknowledged, heightened and immortalized for the benefit of themselves, their rivals and posterity.

Much of Romney's undoubted popularity is due to his sentiment, which was indeed the sentiment of his age, to his feeling for elegance and grace, and to a refinement which, perhaps not without egotism, we are apt to regard as peculiarly English. It has even been suggested that the aristocratic ease and grace of English portraiture, so marked a characteristic of the art of Van Dyck, and often regarded as his special bequest to English painting, was indeed a native quality which the Flemish guest at the gallant Court of Charles the First was not slow to appropriate as his own from the miniature painters of this country. But it is impossible to deny Van Dyck's influence, whether consciously or unconsciously received, on the great portrait painters of the eighteenth century. Indeed, for those who, like Gainsborough, never ventured beyond the confines of their native country, Van Dyck was almost the only old master whose inspiration could be readily followed. "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company," said Gainsborough, in that last pathetic scene of reconciliation with his old antagonist Sir Joshua. Romney's debt to Van Dyck is equally obvious to us, if unacknowledged by him.

Romney, like Gainsborough and Reynolds, was never happier than when portraying the refined and delicate features of high-born women. These ladies of the eighteenth century breathe a charm and fragrance all their own. It is impossible to withstand the witchery of the laughing eyes and gracious brows that flash out from under the great picture hats of Sir Duncan Hay's "Lady Forbes" and of the "Mrs. Robert Trotter," or the quiet, dignified glance of Sir Blundell Maple's "Countess of

Clare," or the half-length portrait of "Mrs. Lee Acton." Peculiarly graceful, both in pose and outline, are his full-length portraits, of which there were five admirable examples in the earlier exhibition, including the famous "Marchioness Townshend," one of Sir Joshua's "Three Graces of Scotland," and the "Caroline, Duchess of Marlborough" from the Blenheim collection. Less grandiose, but perhaps even more sympathetic, are his half-lengths, in which all the artist's peculiarly sweet and tender feeling is concentrated in the face. His best portraits are not merely likenesses, but in the fullest sense pictures also. His treatment of his subject in its breadth and simplicity was eminently artistic. Here for once fashion was all in the artist's favor. The costume of the period, the soft, powdered hair, the large hat or mob-cap with its touch of colored ribbon, the simple bodice cut low about the throat, with its folds of daintily-frilled muslin, and the high waists lent themselves readily to pictorial treatment. The artists of Romney's day had not, like Hals and Rembrandt, to contend with the stiffly starched ruffe, which, with its unyielding lines and aggressive whiteness, seemed to sever the head from the body; or to struggle against the too obvious disadvantages of our modern fashions, as must the men of these latter days. And though a Hals and a Rembrandt could triumph even over such obstacles as these it was fortunate that a painter of less genius should have fallen on more favorable times. No painter of portraits has ever succeeded more brilliantly than Romney in appropriating with the happiest results the picturesque costume of his contemporaries. He has been content for the most part merely to indicate the dress, and has refrained from working it out with too great elaboration. The simple white drapery he loved best to paint

harmonizes exquisitely with his soft background of brown trees and light, clouded sky. A touch of his favorite blue, or a glint of green in hair-ribbon or waistband, is often the only distinct note of color in the rich scheme of the whole. How wonderful are the grays and browns of the famous "Parson's Daughter" in the National Gallery, only relieved by the green ribbon in her hair. Equally distinguished, though far less usual, is his treatment of black, as in Mr. de Crespigny's "Dorothy Scott," in the earlier of the two exhibitions.

Where a considerable number of Romney's works are gathered together it is impossible to escape from the conviction that in his portraits of women there is too often an absence of characterization, of individuality, of all the more intellectual qualities which inspire and ennoble many an otherwise uninteresting face. With his men his directness is more successful in this respect. In his portrait of "Edward Nevilinson," in an attitude suggesting Gainsborough, and in his "Lee Acton," he is objective and forceful, and his head of the philosopher in the large and somewhat theatrical "Newton Discovering the Prism" is strong and not without dignity. But in most cases real individuality is lacking, and his portraits have so strong a family likeness that his women might all be taken for sisters. Charm of expression, elegance and refinement there are indeed in all his best heads, but their attitudes are of almost wearisome sameness, carefully studied and most successful when elaborately posed. At other times indeed he deliberately adopts an affected naturalism, which in its apparent *naïveté* is entirely charming. But on closer scrutiny it will be found that the same eyes, nose and mouth do duty for nearly all his heads. The straight, well defined eyebrows, the large melting eyes, and softly curved lips occur

again and again, as though he had but one sample of each feature in his stock of properties. No doubt something of this monotony may be put down to his excessive devotion to his ideal type, that of the lode-star and inspiration of his best period, Lady Hamilton. But Romney, in company with all subjective artists from Botticelli to Burne-Jones, was ever, as it were, haunted by one facial type; and though as portrait painters, they may have been hampered by their *obsession*, many of their finest inspirations have been due directly or indirectly to its influence.

The "Simonetta" of Romney's art life was the celebrated beauty, Emma Lyon, afterwards famous as Lady Hamilton and the mistress of Nelson. This remarkable woman, who ran the whole social gamut from domestic servant and painter's model to ambassador's wife and companion of queens, entirely bewitched her devoted painter. To enumerate the characters in which she sat to him were to exhaust the whole range of Classical and Christian mythology. From Innocence to Circe, from a Bacchante to Mary Magdalen, from Comedy to Cassandra, as Ariadne, Euphrosyne, Joan of Arc, Sensibility, Contemplation, and finally in her own latest rôle of Lady and Sir William Hamilton, he immortalized her undoubted and inexhaustible charms. There can be no doubt that much of Romney's success in depicting her thus variously was due to her marvellous power of completely identifying herself with the part she had for the moment assumed. Her "Attitudes" became famous even beyond her own extensive circle of admirers. His devotion to "this divine lady—for," as he wrote, "I cannot give her any other epithet, for I think her superior to all womankind"—was the main inspiration of his life, and he never handled his familiar theme with greater felicity than in the full-length portrait at the

Grafton Gallery of this lady as a Bacchante leading a goat, a graceful figure in robe of deep rose, whose tints are repeated in the glories of a troubled sunset sky.

If sentiment and tenderness play an important part in Romney's female portraits they are the secret of his success as a painter of children. Like Reynolds, Romney is never more delightful than in his portrait groups of mother and child, which, had he lived some centuries earlier, would have been labelled "Madonna and Infant Christ." His "Mrs. Cumberland and Child" at the Grafton Gallery, though slight in color is exquisite in feeling, and the "Mrs. Carwardine and Child" of the earlier exhibition, and Mr. Belf's "Mrs. Ainslie and Child," so much admired in the British Pavillon at the Paris Exhibition, are excellent examples of his best manner. Romney loved to paint a little naked child, whether as the "Infant Shakespeare" or "Master Payne" with his dog, both at the Grafton Gallery. Correggio himself, who was undoubtedly Romney's inspiration herein, has scarcely surpassed the sweetness of the "Master Russell," lent by Mr. Holman Hunt to the earlier exhibition there. The single figure of the "Brown Boy," for all the inevitable comparisons it suggests, standing in an open landscape in a pathetically grown-up pose, and looking out from the picture with strange elfin eyes, is striking in its very audacity. But still more remarkable is the Duke of Sutherland's great group of "Children of the Stafford Family" dancing in a ring, which was seen at the Old Masters in 1876, and again in the autumn of last year in the loan collection of English portraits at Birmingham. Here Romney, in beauty of composition, in freedom of flowing line, rises to his highest, and, as in his "Serena in the Boat of Apathy" at the Grafton, proves that there were moments when he could pit himself

without fear against the best of English painters.

But in common with some of the greatest masters of the English School he was limited by a deficient training in the very elements of the painter's art. It is as a draughtsman that Romney has been most severely criticized. Reynolds himself sadly confessed that never having been through the schools he knew little or nothing of anatomy, and Romney's experience was even more limited by his lack of perseverance as well as of opportunity. His forms consequently tend to be unmodelled and boneless; his heads and necks are often flat and not in true perspective. Even his draperies are sometimes, as in the "Cassandra," stiff and clumsy. The very breadth and simplicity which we admire in his pictures degenerated at times into empty and meaningless generalization. His charming sketchiness was often mere powerlessness to finish. His hands lack shape and characterization. His figures often want depth and roundness. The modelling of the face where indicated at all is frequently blocked in with warm, deep shadows round eyes, nose and mouth, sometimes unduly exaggerated, as in his more *bravura* portraits, like that of Lady Hamilton as Cassandra. But what matters all this except to those pedants who demand the scientific accuracy of an early Florentine nude even in the most decoratively and broadly treated portrait of an English lady of fashion? Who cares to count the ribs of beauty, or to take thought of the muscular construction of a soft, rounded arm? That he could when he wished draw and model the figure with consummate skill is proved beyond question in his nude drawing of Emma Harte, lent to the Grafton by Sir John Sinclair.

Romney's most purely artistic quality lies in his feeling for color. Though his life was not, like that of Reynolds,

devoted to the quest of the golden secret of the Venetians, and though he could never match Gainsborough's swift lightness of touch and shimmering silver harmonies, his color is nearly always pleasing and sometimes entirely beautiful. If occasionally somewhat shallow it is always effective. His favorite theme, on which he played many a variation, was a blending of the mellow white and cool blue of the dresses, the warm chestnut and gray of the powdered hair against backgrounds of browns of wonderful variety and softness. Indeed, in his setting of his figures he showed the greatest skill and took no small pains to bring his subject into harmony with its surroundings. He especially favored soft brown trees in his backgrounds, using them to set off the face, or placing his figure strongly against a mist of delicate shades of azure and yellow. At times his architectural backgrounds are inclined to clumsiness, and he does not altogether despise the traditional red curtain and tall pillar of an earlier generation.

It cannot be too much regretted that Romney sinned, albeit in the best of company, in the use of bitumen, an error against which many a darkened and blistered canvas to-day bears silent witness. Restoration and overcleaning have also played their usual havoc among some of his works, which, thinly painted as they were—so much so, indeed, that the texture of the canvas is easily visible through the pigments—shine aggressively in their thick coatings of varnish, or hang dulled and faded, listlessly contemplating, as it were, the loss of their former brilliance. There are, however, no doubt many who think that, to adapt the egregious remark of Sir George Beaumont about Reynolds, "a faded portrait by Romney is better than a fresh one by any one else."

Robert C. Witt.

SLANG AND ITS USES.

The curious dialects of class, cult, or sport which we call Slang are universal; in all times and in all places men have expressed their intimacy by the interchange of separate words and secret signs. You may see the beginning of Slang at its most odious in the catchwords wherewith some foolish clique embellishes its empty talk; you may see it at its best when it is employed by a clan to befog the common enemy or to mark the aristocracy of a class. A new game, a new fashion, a new industry are each sufficient to create a new lingo, and at each new invention a language increases its power of metaphor.

But while the habit of Slang is universal, it has been practised nowhere with greater assiduity and success than in England. Its virtue and its vice distinguish our language above all others; they give an energy to our familiar speech, a color to our literature. The canting tongue, the peculiar Slang of thieves and vagabonds, has for several centuries preserved a uniform character. Whence came this strange gibberish, which its professors called indifferently Thieves' Latin, Pedlars' French, or St. Gilles' Greek. Was it a compost of English and the forgotten tongues of the East? Nobody knows, and nothing is certain save that in Shakespeare's time it was already familiar. Harrison, in his "Description of England," fixes its date and attributes it to a sole inventor. The thieves and beggars, says he, "in counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues, have devised a language among themselves, which they name Canting, but others Pedlars' French, a speech compact thirty years since of English and a great number of oddwords of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet such it is, as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser

thereof was hanged by the neck, as a just reward, no doubt, for his deserts, and a common end to all of that profession." I doubt whether our Pedlars' French was ever devised by a single brain; I am certain that, if it were, its author deserved a better fate than to die of hempen-fever. But whoever devised it, it was Thomas Harman who first gave it a place in literature, and his "Caveat for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabones, set forth for the Utilitie and Proffyt of his Naturall Countrey," was in a second edition in 1568. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries treatises upon rogues and roguery followed one another in rapid succession, all based upon Harman's masterpiece; and the lingo was enshrined in countless glossaries, whose separate value would be greater had they been independently composed. Yet there exist the materials for an interesting study, and some day perhaps a sounder philologist than Borrow will investigate the flash as it was pattered by Hardy Vaux, Bamfylde Moore Carew, and many another vagabond.

"Thieves' Latin," then, is at once the most ancient and the most curious of all the dialects which compose what is called Slang. But, despite its age, it is not without rivals. The commoner vices have their expressive vocabulary. There is scarce a public school that is not fenced about by the privilege of an exclusive and obscure tongue; while many a word has come from the provinces into the larger freedom of our town speech, where it looks as ill at ease as an ill-dressed peasant in a smart crowd. So the accretion is increasing and inexhaustible. The English language wins as many new subjects as the British Empire, and, when it is spoken at any rate, deems nothing unworthy a tolerant in-

terest. In our language, indeed, as in our colonial policy, we display a clear contrast to the French, whose exclusive spirit shudders alike at strange words and colored skins. Compare Racine and Shakespeare, and you may note the whole difference. The one is elegantly precise in diction as in feeling; the other exhausts the language, as he tears the human heart to shreds. So Richelieu's Academy ordains uniformity, while English taste—Academies we know not—permits the existence of all words, which have won the struggle.

And Slang has a deeper interest than mere curiosity. It is, so to say, the natural speech of mankind. The further we get from civilization and the restraints imposed by it, the more eloquent and quick-witted grows the lingo of street and hedgerow. The harsh simplicity of what Grose calls the vulgar tongue is more rapidly expressive than the trim refinement of written English. Yet if the life of Slang-words is adventurous while it lasts, they run the risk of untimely death. It is printer's ink alone which confers immortality, and oral tradition is only trustworthy among savages. What, then, becomes of the ever-living and ever-dying words which are heard rather than read? Some are shepherded in dictionaries—shepherded with a furtive air, as much as to say, "Now you are in the fold, stay there and don't come out again." Some fall of shelter altogether, and live a precarious life in the mouths of men—*voltant per ora virum*. The old dictionaries opened the gate widest, and such lexicographers as Florio and Cotgrave have preserved for us many specimens, which without their aid would long ago have become extinct. Johnson and his followers exercised a strict censorship, as though words, too, had morals, and might not be recognized without a certificate of character. On the other hand dictio-

aries were devised which, like prisons, workhouses and rope-walks, should admit nothing better than loafers and footpads. Of these Grose's "Classical Dictionary" is the most familiar, while the revived interest in the language of the streets is best displayed in the learned lexicon of Messrs. Henley and Farmer.

But Slang is not always cabined and confined in dictionaries. It has its uses in literature, and the greatest masters have been most highly distinguished by a worthy appreciation of its possibilities. That it is universal no critic would assert; it best suits a literature that is very young or very old. In other words it is at once primitive and decadent. Ingenuity might perhaps detect its presence in Homer, but the classics of the serener epoch knew it not, and it is not until we leave the golden age far behind that we find it in Latin. Petronius and Apuleius both understood how to decorate their style with words which were better known to the vulgar than to the cultured ear, and wrote after a manner which was novel and distinct. But the tradition of the classics still bound the Greeks and Romans with a happy chain, and a natural reverence discouraged experiment. Chaucer felt no such restraint, since in his day the line drawn between the literary and the familiar language was less precise; and if Villon wrote jargon as his mother tongue, he knew also the pure French of his century. But it was Rabelais who proved himself the first and greatest master of Slang, and he loved it, as he loved frolic, because it was new and the world was new, and wisdom, being new, stretched out its limbs like a careless giant. What Rabelais did for France, whose wit was still Gallic in his day, our Elizabethans did for England. They sought new words, as they sought new continents; their enterprise was as keen in the domain of literature

as in the golden realm of adventure. They found their words not in books, but in the world; nothing was above or below their vocabulary, if only it were strange and nimble-witted. So Shakespeare wrote Slang with the moderation of a great artist; so Ben Jonson delighted in St. Giles' Greek with an exuberance which was less of art than of life; and the prose writers of the time rivalled the dramatists in the use of a colored speech. But as the seventeenth century waned, Slang turned to a vulgar flippancy. The pupils of Dryden debased their style with their manners, and if you would tell the true Slang from the false, compare Motteux with Urquhart, who was a real Elizabethan in all save the date of his birth.

So the change came; it was the business of the eighteenth century to attenuate the language, to exclude from English all that was common with a more than French zeal. The disciples of Boileau achieved their end with perfect thoroughness, and made reaction inevitable. During the present century Slang has regained its ancient ascendancy, until in one shape or another it threatens to overwhelm our literature. Many years since Bulwer had a fancy for the smasher and swell-mobsmen. Dickens more appositely mastered the lingo of the high-road, and Dickens's followers have done little credit to his discretion. George Eliot thought the jargon of modern science apt for romance, and there is no technical vocabulary—the ugliest form of Slang—that has not since her time befogged our literature. The steam-engine, the dissecting-room, the stable, the East-end—all these have their votaries, and, worst of all, we are assailed in three-quarters of the novels now published by such specimens of mediæval Slang as “by my halldom,” “odds bodikins,” and the rest, which begin as local color and end as gibber-

ish. But the misunderstanding of Slang does not condemn it. Its value depends upon its use more closely than the value of any other artifice. Skill justifies courage, and skill may elevate Slang to a fine point of style. A strange word which escapes, or shocks the vulgar, may link the intelligence of writer and reader. What, then, is the proper use of Slang? First, it must be rarely and sparingly employed. As a crowd is better represented on the stage by two or three supers than by fifty, so Slang is most effective, when it lights up a sentence with an unexpected flash, or gives a sudden hint of outspokenness. But as our managers are wont to limit their crowds merely by the length of their pocket and the size of their stage, so many of our writers are only checked by ignorance from composing their books wholly in the jargon of the workshop or the street. They forget that suggestion is better than realism, and in the belief that every word their notebook holds has a value, they empty them all out on to the printed page. When Dickens gave a separate character to the speech of Sam Weller, he indicated that character by the lightest touch. The writers of what we may call the “gorblymy” school are not content unless their whole books are composed in what they believe is the cockney dialect. Only Mr. Arthur Morrison has proved himself artist enough to resist the temptation of “realism;” he alone of them all is never mastered by his lingo.

But the use of Slang must not merely be restrained; it must also be suitable. That which is appropriate to comedy or farce is ridiculous in a serious disquisition, and, while the Slang of farce may be as trivial as it pleases, the Slang of comedy must not fall below its occasion. The artist may find room for all the outcasts, and introduce them with such skill as never to make his reader conscious of bad company.

Wherefore it is not the exclusion of Slang that we should demand; it is its moderate and sensible use. For there is no jargon which may not suggest a

Literature.

dozen new metaphors, which may not under the hand of a master give a fresh humor to style, a new color to language.

Charles Whibley.

MILITARY DIALOGUES.

HOW IT SHOULD NOT BE DONE.

Interior of a dreary room in the War Office. A tired-looking young officer, in mufti, sits at a table with great piles of papers, each bundle tied with red tape and ticketed with labels of different colors, on one side of it ready to his hand. Another pile of papers, which he has already dealt with, is on the other side of the table. He is an official and has many letters, the first two being D.A. after his name. The gas has just been lighted. A clerk brings in another fat bundle of papers.

The Officer (patting the smaller pile on the table). These can go on, Smithers. That question of sardine-openers must go back to the commissariat, and the general commanding the central district must be authorized to deal on his own responsibility with the matter of the fierce bull in the field where the recruits bathe. What have you got there?

The Clerk. It is the correspondence, Sir, relative to that false tooth requisitioned for by the officer commanding the Rutlandshire Regiment for the first cornet of the band. The medical department sent it back to us this morning, and there is another letter in from the colonel protesting against his regiment being forced to go route marching to an imperfect musical accompaniment.

The Officer (groaning). I thought we had got rid of that matter at last by sending it to the doctors.

The Clerk. No, Sir. The surgeon-general has decided that "one tooth,

false, with gold attachment," cannot be considered a medical comfort.

*The Officer (taking a *précis* from the top of the papers).* I suppose we must go into the matter again. It began with the letter from the colonel to the general?

The Clerk. Yes, Sir; here it is. The O. C. the Rutland Regiment has the honor to report that the first cornet player in the band has lost a tooth. and as the band has become inefficient in the playing of marching music in consequence, he requests that a false tooth may be supplied at government expense.

The Officer. And the general, of course, replied in the usual formula that he had no fund available for such purpose.

The Clerk. Yes, Sir; but suggested that the regimental band fund might be drawn on.

The Officer. Where is the colonel's letter in reply. (*It is handed to him.*) Ah, yes. Band fund is established, he writes, for purchase of musical instruments and music, and not for repair of incomplete bandmen, and refuses to authorize expense, except under order from the commander-in-chief.

The Clerk. The general sends this on to us with a remark as to the colonel's temper.

The Officer. And we pass it to the quarter-master-general's people, suggesting that under certain circumstances a false tooth might be con-

sidered a "necessary," and a free issue made.

The Clerk. A very long memo. on the subject, in reply from the Q.-M.-G., Sir. He points out that though, under exceptional circumstances a pair of spectacles might be held to be a sight-protector, a false tooth could not be held to be either a fork, a spoon, a shaving-brush, a razor or even an oil bottle.

The Officer. We wrote back suggesting that it might pass as a "jag"—our little joke.

The Clerk. Your little joke, Sir. The Q.-M.-G.'s people didn't see it.

The Officer. No? Then the correspondence goes on to the ordnance department, with a suggestion that a false tooth might be considered an arm or an accoutrement.

The Clerk. The director-general replies, Sir, that in the early days of the British Army, when the army clothing department's sole issue was a supply of woad, a tooth, or indeed a nail, might have reasonably been indented for as a weapon, but that, owing to the introduction and perfection of fire-arms, such weapons are now obsolete and cannot be issued.

Punch.

The Officer. And now the medical service refuse to help us.

The Clerk. Yes, Sir. They cannot bring the fixing of it under the head of surgical operations, and the surgeon-general points out very justly, if I may be permitted to say so, Sir, that a seal-pattern false tooth could hardly be considered a "medical comfort."

The Officer. What are we to do? The colonel of the regiment is evidently furious.

The Clerk. We might send the correspondence to the inspector of iron structures. He may be able to do or suggest something.

The Officer. Very well; and will you send off this telegram to my wife saying I have a long evening's work before me, and that I shall not be able to get back to dinner to-night? (*Exit the Clerk.*) Whenever will they trust a general commanding a district to spend for the public good on his own responsibility a sum as large as a schoolboy's allowance, and so take some of the unnecessary work off our shoulders?

[*He tackles wearily another file of papers.*]

N.-D.

LOVE'S REWARD.

O, in the larger life I yet shall learn
That not in vain I waited through the years,
Waited and loved, nor asked for love's return,
Waited—with strangled sighs, with unwept tears.
Much have I suffered; great should be my prize;
By love emboldened, love's reward I'll claim;
Not love flashed back on me from lovelit eyes,
No, but a purer passion, fiercer flame.
The prize of patience is a patient soul;
The prize of constancy a constant heart;
Self-conquest finds its meed in self-control;
Song is of song the guerdon, art of art.
So, to the victor in love's earthly strife
The power to love will be love's crown of life.

Edmond Holmes.